



CABINET GALLERY

OF

PICTURES

BY

THE FIRST MASTERS

OF

THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS,

IN

SEVENTY-TWO LINE ENGRAVINGS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL DISSERTATIONS

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

IN TWO VOLUMES

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# PAUL VERONESE.

## THE NATIVITY.

PAUL VERONESE belongs to the second epoch of the Venetian school, and is one of those great artists whose genius was chiefly dedicated to the church : his imagination was equal to the sublimest flights of revealed religion, and his fine skill of hand did justice to the dignity of his conceptions. He was born at Verona in the year 1532 ; he studied first under his father, who was a sculptor of some note ; and secondly, under Antonio Badile, his uncle : from the former he acquired a statue-like accuracy of outline, and from the latter a knowledge of colours : but he owned himself most indebted to Titian, whose matchless light and shade he tried in vain to equal. At that time the students of Verona copied with the most scrupulous fidelity whatever was beautiful in things external ; they surpassed all other artists in delineating architecture, dresses, ornaments, the splendour of courts, and the luxuries of princes : sentiment was still wanting, Paul observed this, and it is to his honour that he set about adding a spirit and a mind to the picturesque, and to the dishonour of his townsmen that they not

only shut their eyes to his merits, but neglected him so much that he was compelled by poverty to quit his native place, after having in the opinion of all, save the people of Verona, not only vanquished the Mantuan painters in a strife of skill, but left upon an altar at San Formo, a Madonna between two Saints, of such exquisite beauty as many reckoned matchless.

He first went to Vicenza, and then shaped his course to Venice. There he found so much of the magnificent and vast that his genius had room to range: the all but floating city, and the splendour of the palaces and arsenals first caught his attention: the fine remains of ancient sculpture too afforded him better opportunities of studying the science of beauty than he enjoyed under his father, while the pictures of Titian and Tintoretto furnished such examples of composition and colour as would have daunted any mind save one of a high order. At first it is said his attempts were timid both as regards attitude and handling: but as his confidence strengthened his freedom increased, and the story of Esther, which he painted for the church of S. Sebastiano exhibited such powers that the Venetian Senate honoured him with several commissions. A visit to Rome raised his imagination still higher: as he rose he said he felt his wings lengthening: on returning to Venice he gave proofs of his expanding powers in the Palazzo Publico. "Here his imagination," says Lanzi, "seems to



revel in every piece painted by his hands, but particularly in that which may be called the Apotheosis of Venice in regal costume, seated on high, crowned by Glory, celebrated by Fame, attended by Honour, Liberty and Peace. Juno and Ceres are seen assisting at the spectacle as symbols of grandeur and felicity. The summit is decorated with specimens of magnificent architecture with columns ; while lower down appears a great concourse of ladies, with their lords and sons in various splendid habits, all represented in a gallery: and on the ground are delineated warriors upon their chargers, arms, ensigns, prisoners, and trophies of war. This oval picture presents us with an union of those powers with which Paul so much fascinates the eye, producing a general effect altogether enchanting, and includes numerous parts all equally beautiful: bright aerial spaces, sumptuous edifices, which seem to invite the foot of the spectator; lively features, selected from nature and embellished by art."

So much was he incensed with the slight put upon him in his native city, that he neither went back nor corresponded with any one save his own relations. His pride was equal to his other powers: he desired to touch nothing but the loftiest themes, and if required to paint in company with Tintoretto, or some other eminent artist, he liked it all the better, for at once giving way to the impulse of imagination, he produced such astonishing compositions as excited the wonder of Tintoretto himself

—one of the most eminent masters of the Venetian school. The Procurators of St. Mark proposed a premium of a massy gold chain for the best picture, painted by Guiseppe Salviati, Battista Franco, Schiavone, Zalotti, Frasina, and Paul Veronese : the judges were competent ones—Titian and Sansovino ; they awarded the prize to Paul, and to shew his sense of the honour he usually wore the chain about his neck. Figures seated round a table, in conversation or study, formed a favourite subject : he painted no less than four large pictures of Suppers, from scripture, and many small ones, all of wonderful beauty and effect. The first, the Marriage of Cana, preserved at San Giorgio Maggiore exhibits one hundred and thirty figures, among which are many portraits of princes and other eminent men who lived in his day. It was painted for the moderate sum of ninety ducats : the second represents the supper prepared by St. Matthew for Christ : it is widely admired for its fine thoughtful heads, and is in good preservation. The third is the Feast of Simon, and is placed at San Sebastiano ; the heads are numerous and noble. The fourth was presented to Louis the fourteenth, and deposited at Versailles—it is preferred by the Venetian artists to all the rest : numerous copies were made of it and circulated over Europe.

The depth of his colouring is much admired abroad ; many of his pictures are still to be found in Venice, glowing with the peculiar grace he shed

over them. "A remarkable specimen," observes Lanzi, "is seen in that belonging to the noble house of Pisani, exhibiting the family of Darius, presented to Alexander, which surprises as much by its splendour as it affects us by its expression. Equal admiration was at one time evinced for his Rape of Europa, which he drew upon a larger scale in various groups, much in the same manner as Correggio in his Leda. In the first she appears among her virgins in the act of caressing the animal, and desirous of being borne upon him: in the second she is carried along applauded by her companions, as she enjoys the scene riding along the shore: in the third, the only one in grand dimensions—she cleaves the sea in terror, in vain descried, and lamented by her virgin train."

Paul Veronese is a favourite with his biographers: they are in raptures with the almost innumerable heads which he summons to a festival; with the splendour of his temples; with the dignity and the passions expressed by his chief actors; with the luxury of his tables, and the elegance of his dresses. He no doubt merits much of the praise he has obtained, but we cannot help feeling that he is *too extravagant in his attitudes; too desirous of substituting action of body for power of mind—too fond, in short, of picturesque effect to which he scrupled not to sacrifice much of the nature for which he has been extolled.* The picture before us is no doubt beautiful and impressed with a solemn

grandeur of character, suitable to the subject : but we are of opinion that the postures are too theatrical, and the accessories too numerous. The head of the Virgin is a fine one, that of Joseph finer still : nor is the rude shed leaning against—perhaps a ruined palace—without its beauty and its meaning. The original picture is in the collection of the Earl of Aberdeen.

This great painter lived to the age of sixty. His works are numerous, though many pictures bear the impress of his name which were never touched by his pencil. His chief pleasure was in decorating cathedrals and palaces, for he was a lover of glory ; he was remarkable for the loveliness of his conceptions and the harmony of his tints ; his execution was rapid and decisive ; he achieved something at every touch : he sometimes wants delicacy, and is cumbersome amid his magnificence. His sense of perspective was fine, and his knowledge of character extensive. His Apotheosis of Venice encouraged succeeding painters to crowd our walls and ceilings with Allegories, at once obscure and absurd.



handling; Lawrence in purity of hue and delicacy of sentiment—both have produced master-pieces.

Reynolds, in his Journey through Flanders and Holland, calls this “an admirable portrait by Rubens, known by the name of Chapeau de Paile, from her having on her head a hat and feather airily put on; it has a wonderful transparency of colour as if seen in the open air: it is upon the whole a very striking portrait; but her breasts are as ill drawn as they are finely coloured.”

There is a singular freedom of hand and prodigality of genius in the compositions of Rubens; he unites the imagination and loftiness of the historical with the truth and reality of the domestic, and in doing so has obtained perhaps more extensive fame than any other painter. Fifty feet square of wall or two hundred yards of canvas, which would swallow up the united genius of half an academy, only stimulated the Fleming to greater exertion, and with such success did he conceive his design and apply his colours that it is allowed by all his largest pictures are his best. “Rubens,” says Sir Joshua, “appears to have had that confidence in himself which it is necessary for every artist to assume when he has finished his studies and may venture in some measure to throw aside the fetters of authority; to consider the rules as subject to his control, and not himself subject to the rules; to risk and to dare extraordinary attempts without a guide, abandoning himself to his own sensations

and depending upon them. To this confidence must be imputed that originality of manner by which he may be truly said to have extended the limits of the art. After Rubens had made up his manner he never looked out of himself for assistance; there is consequently very little in his works that appears to be taken from other masters. If he has borrowed any thing he has had the address to change and adapt it so well to the rest of his work that the theft is not discoverable."

These sentiments are worthy of Reynolds, who perceived the wide-reaching sympathy of Peter Paul to all things animate or inanimate that had any claim to the beautiful. Rubens felt the lofty and likewise the humble, the devout and the comic, the grandeur of human nature, the splendour of the blooming earth or of the smiling heavens. His women are often lovely, they are always natural and easy and full of health; his goddesses have less of the ethereal about them than what a flight from pole to pole, which some of them are taking, seems to require, but when it is his pleasure to gather them together on Olympus the grass below and the clouds above seem kindling with the reflection of their beauty. Fuseli indeed has called his women "hillocks of rosy flesh," and treated the great painter himself with little ceremony. Nothing can be more unlike than the works of these eminent men; with the ladies of Rubens we can imagine ourselves wandering over well trimmed lawns, down shaded walks, upon mar-

ble pavements or perfumed carpets ; with the ladies of Fuseli we can suppose no situation in which we could meet and exchange thoughts—they are in fact a sort of spectral progeny, such as haunt us in our dreams ; with too little brightness about them for above, too little darkness about them for below, and with too little flesh and blood for creatures of this world, we know not well how to dispose of them or class them.

Rubens is the Walter Scott of art ; his pictures have all the variety of character, glow of colour and vivid power of delineation which distinguish the Waverley novels. The world is written strongly on them, nor is fancy ever absent when wanted. “ He saw,” says Sir Joshua, “ the objects of nature with a painter’s eye—he saw at once the predominant feature by which every object is known and distinguished ; and, as soon as seen, it was executed with a facility that is astonishing. Rubens was perhaps the greatest master in the mechanical part of the art—the best workman with his tools that ever exercised a pencil.”





tried in the balance of recollection, found wanting, and dismissed as an idle dream. This is no fanciful account of public taste in landscape : the studies of Turner will bear us out : in one of his rooms he has more truly brilliant poetic scenes rolled up and laid aside than any collection in this country contains : on some future day, when fac-simile painters swarm in the land, and the world grows weary of common and every-day things, there will be an unrolling of these splendid pictures, and a general turning up of eyes, and shrugging of shoulders, at the lack of taste of this our living generation of connoisseurs and patrons.

In telling the story of Turner we are writing that of Wilson, with this difference, that the former, with a prudence which we heartily commend, anticipated the cold regard of this unpoetic world, and amassed out of the produce of his innumerable sketches such a sum as enables him to work according to his own spirit, and to smile, which he does in private, at the outcry raised against his flights of imagination, and the more than earthly grandeur of his combinations. Wilson, alas! was always in the power of fortune : his fine spirit was chilled, and the daringness of his imagination rebuked, by poverty : with a pot of porter and a crust of bread and cheese beside him, and want of all comfort visible around, did he toil on, in the hope—nay, belief—that the hour of honour and fame would come ;—it came indeed, but too late for him, and

he went to the grave unconscious, or at least uncertain, what his future station in art would be. Yet men were not wanting in his own day who perceived his merits and felt the grandeur of his conceptions. Of those the most eminent was Sir George Beaumont, and it reflects no little honour on his boldness as well as good taste, that in the teeth of Sir Joshua's rebukings, he wrote thus of him.

“ I think it will be allowed,” he says, “ that the pictures on which Wilson's high reputation is founded are not very numerous : whatever may have been the cause, it is certain he did not long possess the vigour of mind and hand which characterizes the Niobe. To the last, indeed, and in the weakest of his productions, a fine taste for lines and a classical feeling is discoverable, which must for ever give them a value in the opinions of those who are capable of relishing beauties of this kind. For my own part I have no hesitation, as far as my judgment goes, to place him at the head of the landscape painters of this country. His sole rival is Gainsborough ; and if it be allowed, as I think it must, that he had a finer and higher relish for colour, or in the technical term, a better painter's eye, than Wilson ; on the other hand, Wilson was far his superior in elevation of thought and dignity of composition. Both were poets : and to me the Bard of Gray, and his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, are so descriptive of their different lines, that I certainly should have commissioned Wilson to paint a subject

from the first, and Gainsborough one from the latter: and if I am correct in this opinion, the superior popularity of Gainsborough cannot surprise us; since, for one person capable of relishing the sublime, there are thousands who admire the rural and the beautiful, especially when set off with such fascinating splendour of colour as we see in the best works of Gainsborough. That Wilson had great faults must be granted, his subjects are sometimes meagre, as in the Ceyx; and sometimes too artificial and decidedly composition, and in producing what he called hollowness of space, he sometimes divided the distances so that they had too much the appearance of cut-scenery at the theatre. His pencil, although feeble and negligent in his decline, is in his best works firm, bold, and decisive. I do not conceive his colouring to be his prime excellence; yet it is frequently sweet and airy, solemn and grand, as the subject required, and seldom or never out of harmony." This praise, though not quite to our own mind, is better than the hollow approbation of the genius of Wilson and displeasure with all his works, contained in the discourses of Reynolds, or the inconceivable silence of Hazlitt, who contrived to write one hundred and ninety-five pages concerning the principal works in the picture galleries of England without alluding to the paintings of this great master, or once we think mentioning his name. "We"—these are his own words—"are abstracted to another sphere; we breathe empyrean air: we enter

into the minds of Raphael, of Titian, of Poussin, of the Caracci, and look at nature with their eyes ; we live in times past, and seem identified with the permanent forms of things." Such is the language of a man of genius ; but his taste in the fine arts was supposed to be influenced by his unsuccessful attempts with the pencil. Bad artists make indifferent critics : their opinions take the hue of their own disappointments : he who thought Wilson unworthy of being named among the highest, and who spoke of the pauper style of Wilkie, was at least unfortunate in his opinions.

The picture, from which the very beautiful engraving before us is taken, belongs to the collections of the united families of Montague and Scott, and is at Kettering, in Northamptonshire. It depicts a lonely house, " the quiet waters by," and, like all Wilson's performances, unites the past with the present, and both with poetry. By the lake side, and forming seemingly a part of the entrance to the house, stands a small structure, with a cross cut on its front, which gives a religious air to the place : on the other side of the lake a rude mass, something like " a ruin gray," arises ; while in the fore-ground we have rocks, roughly up-piled either by the hand of nature or of man, forming a shattered fence, which in other days enclosed what was probably a tower for safety or concealment. The painter has left all this to conjecture ; nor will the large square block of stone, against which a man is leaning, or on which

the image of one is sculptured, help us to decide. Wilson's landscapes please the eye and awaken curiosity: we desire to know the history of the ruins which he makes so interesting—the story of the lake, by the side of which his fancy raises a tomb or a solitary column: his very trees breathe of hoary antiquity, and may have carried their heads to the sun when the Norman shafts flew at Hastings, or the Bard of Wales sang his last sad song on the Conway side. Wilson was of the past, Gainsborough was of the present. The former saw visions of ancient glory: earth, in the splendour of all its temples, what time it was inhabited by patriarchs, when nymphs were in the fountains, fauns in the forests, and Jove held his court visible on Olympus: the latter saw grosser and more material things: forest glades, with deer trooping under the boughs; dales, on which milch-cows grazed mid-leg deep in clover, retired nooks, in which gypsies had fixed their roving encampments, or roads along which boors conducted their stock to market under the light of the sun—these were the visions which appeared to Gainsborough, and he found them profitable.



## OSTADE.

## ADVOCATE IN HIS STUDY.

THIS fine picture from the hand of a master whose best works are scarce, belongs to the collection of the late Robert Ludgate, Esq. and is remarkable for natural truth of expression, skill in drawing and effective colouring. It represents an aged advocate busied with his papers; the post, for there were posts in those days, has just arrived; letters have come with tidings of sufficient importance to make him attentive and earnest: perhaps some cause of which he has the care is in jeopardy, or some new way to win it has dawned upon his fancy. He seems one well to do in the world, as an ample gown, a velvet cap, and a carved arm chair sufficiently indicate. The stamp of a prudent and sagacious son of the law is upon him; his volume of pleas closely clasped, his open ink-stand and convenient pen, his piece of marble to keep down rebellious papers; the slip to hold letters that must be answered, with his Bible at hand to intimate his fear of heaven in all his ways, speak as plain as colour and expression can, of a lawyer whose name is known in the Courts. It is to all



appearance a likeness, and as such is in much better taste than portraits in our English School are, where ordinary looking ladies are elevated into Dianas, and Goddesses of Beauty, or of Wisdom, while men who want capacity to comprehend the mystery of notation are made to assume the looks of Napier or Newton, and others enact the part of Coriolanus who in natural courage are scarcely match for a turkey-cock.

When Reynolds made his tour in Flanders and Holland, and wrote remarks on the chief pictures and principal masters, he all but neglected Ostade : he classed him as the fourth in merit of the Dutch painters, and thought him worthy of few remarks : his entries are brief :—" Two Ostades." " Two Pictures by Ostade." " Three figures, very natural, by Ostade." These barren notices are all that Sir Joshua affords to an artist who has painted with no common force of colour and truth of expression. It is true that he speaks with respect of Teniers and of the school of Holland, but it is also plain that he considers the latter naught, and its students, poor mistaken creatures, whose whole power lies in singularity of effect. The president's heart was where his hand could not reach ; he loved the grandeur and sublimity of the historic pictures of Italy. One however, cannot be always gazing at angels ascending and descending ; we grow weary with looking at holy virgins nursing celestial babes, and with gods sitting among the clouds, and desire to behold

something more gross and human : we seek such relief to our thoughts and eyes as Gainsborough sought when he looked at the green woods to refresh his sight wearied with the glare of less natural colour ; there are few pictures to which we can turn with more real and literal truth in them, than those of Adrian Van Ostade.

He was born at Lubeck in the year 1610, and studied in the company of Brouwer in the school of Francis Hals ; his brother Isaac, three years younger than himself, was his fellow student, and both made great progress, but Adrian surpassed all competitors, and soon became distinguished for the truth and the life, the clever drawing and natural colouring of his compositions. His genius was quick and ready : though he copied the scenes around him, and took nature as he found it, his works were visibly impressed with a manner peculiar to himself alone ; Isaac was not slow in perceiving this and rejecting the style of Hals, which he had hitherto followed—he imitated that of Adrian with such success that several of his compositions have been ascribed to his brother. But the productions of Isaac are deficient in transparency of colour, in delicacy of pencilling, and want the warmth and spirit of the pictures of Adrian. Ostade left Lubeck early in life, and settled at Amsterdam, where he lived with Constantine Sennefort, a great encourager of art ; his reputation rose high, the demand for his pictures encreased, and the prices he received were

considered enormous by his brethren.\* The fastidious finish, minuteness of detail, and careful study which he bestowed on his works, prevented him, though he was remarkably industrious, from executing pictures sufficient to meet the demand. That he was eminently popular is well known, nor need we marvel at it, he painted up to and not above the understandings of the people; his images were those which the country and the city readily supplied without seeking: such was the facility of his pencil and the quickness of his fancy, that he could make an admirable picture out of any thing.

The merits of Ostade have been well expressed by Pilkington. "The subjects of this painter were always of the low kind, having the same ideas as Teniers: yet though he copied nature as it appeared in the lower classes of mankind, there is so much spirit in his compositions, such truth, nature, life and delicacy of pencil, that even while many of his objects are in some respects disgusting, a spectator cannot forbear to admire his genius and execution. His pictures are so transparent and highly finished that they have the lustre and polish of enamel, being at the same time warm and clear. They have frequently a force superior to Teniers, and are always more highly finished: though it must be acknowledged that Teniers grouped his objects better, and showed more skill in the disposition of his design than Ostade. He perfectly understood the principles of *chiaro-scuro*, and intro-

duced his lights and shadows with so much judgment that every figure seems animated; it might however be wished that he had not designed his figures so short. His tone of colouring is exquisitely pleasing and natural; his touch light and wonderfully neat, and throughout all his works there is a peculiar and uncommon transparency. The figures of Ostade are so universally admired for their lively expression, that several among his contemporary artists solicited him to paint the figures in their landscapes; which at the present day contribute greatly to their value."

Ostade lived long in Amsterdam and was widely known and respected. His works are scarce, and so seldom in the market that no price is thought too extravagant for one of his compositions. They are not at all plentiful in England; but there are counterfeits, and some of them in good collections. With all his merit, his nature is in general a few degrees too low and squalid; his boors are rude, uncombed, and unwashed, and their employments are often gross and disgusting. He seemed more anxious to lower nature than elevate her, and might be compared in painting to Crabbe in verse, were it not that he is no depicтор of utter misery and wretchedness; his rustics are ragged reprobates indeed, but then they are jolly fellows, prodigal of laughter, fond of clinking the gin-stoup and the ale-cann, and moreover quite ready to pull their long knives out from the wide sleeves of their jackets and deal a

blow or two when warmed with drink and contradiction. He paints human nature low enough, but he knew it better than to represent it unhappy ; on the contrary he perceived that happiness was pretty equally diffused, he therefore dipt his brush in pleasing colours, and gave us men reeling in their cups,

“ O'er all the ills of life victorious.”

This is not the aspect which divines wish the world to wear, nor do we commend it ; but we are not sure that it is less beneficial than those mournful representations of human life in which sundry of our poets and painters indulge. Ostade produced many fine etchings from his designs which like those from the hand of Hogarth are deservedly admired : they are finished in a manner worthy of Rembrandt. He died in the year 1685, leaving a fame behind him, which few of his school have equalled.



## CROME.

### THE GLADE COTTAGE.

THERE are men with talents of no common order, with the visible impress of originality on their works, but whose worth is known to few while living, and who obtain in death a tardy acknowledgment of their merits, and an imperfect or feeble memoir. One of the worthiest of these was John Crome, the landscape-painter: he was born at Norwich, December 21, 1769, as his parents were humble his education was limited, and though he felt an early desire for distinction he saw no better way of attaining it than learning under Mr. Whisler the art of coach and sign painting. His new business put pencils and colours into his hands, and his hours of remission from labour afforded him time for study; he was soon observed making drawings from prints, and even attempting to copy nature: an ingenious companion aided him in making a camera obscura, which brought mechanical help to his studies, and impressed a love of accuracy on his mind, which may be traced through all his productions. That will-o'-wisp which artists call effect, and to which too many sacrifice expression, lured

Crome away for a time from his more natural studies : while this fascination was on him he painted scenes in the moonlight, and even amid great violence of contrast he displayed much truth of delineation. His works were now publicly talked of, and attracted the notice of Dr. Sayers, who not only praised but purchased, a liberality not common among connoisseurs. When the term of the painter's servitude expired, he formed the resolution of working one half of the week at signs and shopboards, to raise money to enable him to pursue landscape the other : thus required such self denial as strong minds only know : Crome had self denial ; he persevered and was successful. He wrought in this way for several years ; and produced a number of pictures copied from natural scenes around, remarkable for truth and beauty ; nor were his labours wholly unproductive ; by his skill in sign painting, and the sale of a picture now and then for a small price, he gathered together a little sum of money ; ambitious hopes were awakened in his mind, and he turned his face to London, the market for all works which have any claim to genius.

But in London he found competitors so numerous and the demand for landscapes so small, that he was obliged to seek subsistence for a time by sign, and even house, painting : in this humble state he was found by Sir William Beechey, who invited him to his studio ; shewed him how to prepare colours and set his palette, and even wrought himself in the



peculiar style of Crome for the sake of instructing him in the distribution of natural light and shade. Under this new instructor he acquired confidence ; learned how to use his colours, and it was observed that henceforth he painted with more force and with better effect. He did not however succeed in impressing a sense of the value of his landscapes upon any one save those who understand nature and truth, but who are not wealthy enough to be purchasers ; a quiet forest scene, or a green sward valley with its silent stream, or some old fantastic tree, round which fairies danced when belief was in the land, failed to captivate, and Crome left London no richer and scarcely so famous as when he arrived, but greatly improved in taste and skill. It seems that the people of Norwich did not welcome him back in the way most dear to an artist's heart by giving him commissions, for he was obliged for a time to resume coach and sign painting, and was even so reduced in purse as sometimes to be destitute of a shilling. Some one with probably less talent but more wisdom than the painter, advised him to give lessons in drawing ; this advice he followed, and with such success that he became acquainted with many opulent and generous families ; made a little money, established a small studio, and pursued his labours in landscape, according to his own heart.

Among those whom the talents of Crome attracted was John Gurney, of Earlham, a gentleman at once kind and generous, and Dawson Turner, whose

taste and talent require no commendation. With the former he visited the fine scenery of the Cumberland Lakes, and felt his notions of landscape-grandeur expand ; and with the latter he conversed on art, on literature, and other matters of purity and elegance, and was introduced to a valuable and enlightened line of acquaintance. One day, as Mr. Turner was looking over the paintings of the artist, admiring the truth of one, and the fresh spring-time look, or autumnal hues, of another, it occurred to him that at a public sale, properly announced, they would bring a fair sum of money. Crome concurred in this, the day of sale came, the auctioneer doubted his own skill in describing the various lots, and the painter was compelled to discharge the duty himself, which he did with much ease and modesty : between two and three hundred pounds were realized by this sensible hint.

When some forty years old or so, Crome perceived that Norwich was not only beginning to have a taste for the fine arts, but was likely to have painters of her own, for his own instructions and example were not thrown away upon the youth around ; he therefore planned an exhibition, and also a school of art ; nor were his efforts ineffectual, both were established, and he conducted the former, and presided in the latter, as long as he lived. As he was of a cheerful turn and fond of company, his society was much courted ; he loved to relate the hardships of his youth, the difficulties he en-

countered in study, and from whence he acquired the native graces of his style. Much of his success he imputed to Hobbima; he admired his works, and imagined he imitated his manner, when in truth he was imitating the scenes which his native land presented; in a woody lane, a winding road, or a field with hedge-rows and cottages, he perceived beauties hid from all eyes save the sharp-sighted ones which are in the head of genius. He conceived justly and clearly, and embodied his imaginings with wonderful truth and force. All about him is sterling English; he has no foreign airs or put-on graces; he studied and understood the woody scenery of his native land with the skill of a botanist, and the eye of a poet; to him a grove was not a mere mass of picturesque stems and foliage; each tree claimed a separate sort of handling; he touched them according to their kind; with him an ash hung with its silver keys was different from an oak covered with acorns. Nor was it his pleasure only to show nature silent and inanimate; to the grove he gave its tenants, and to the glades their cattle and their cottages; nothing was mean, all was natural and striking.

The beautiful print which accompanies our too brief notice is a happy specimen of Crome's peculiar talent. The original is in the appropriate keeping of Bernard Barton, the poet, to whose kindness we are indebted not only for the use of the picture, but for all that may give interest to this memoir. It

represents a glade, with its little cottage, whose tenant is on her way to her cows with milking pail and stool; a dog accompanies her, and a cock struts between two barn-door favourites under the shade of the boughs. The glade itself is such as we stop to look upon in our frequent jaunts through merry old England; the path is grassy and seldom travelled; the flowers have here and there asserted their right to the soil; and the trees are luxuriant, and meet and mingle overhead so closely that the afternoon sun has some difficulty in pouring his warmth through among them on the cottage. The light glimmers on the clay-built wall—not broad and bright, but gently, and in a subdued way. The eminent painter has left many pictures to continue his name with all lovers of art and nature. He died in April, 1821, after a few days illness, leaving a son, whose works have attracted public notice; and Stark, and other scholars of the Norwich school, who work in the spirit of their master, and communicate to canvas the silent poetry of hill and dale and tree and stream.



## REMBRANDT.

### THE JEW MERCHANT.

THE Advocate of Ostade is busy with eye and hand, the Merchant of Rembrandt is employed in mind only; he is in a rich garb of a somewhat eastern cut; he seems about to proceed to the Exchange on some serious speculation, and is holding converse with his own spirit before he goes forth. He is of Jewish extraction rather than a Jew; he is advancing into the vale of years, and is of a grave considerate turn of mind; the right hand grasps a staff, and the left hand rests upon it, and one would almost say he had been a soldier, for he handles it like a sword. The posture is easy, unaffected and dignified, the effect of the whole picture is fine; there is more light admitted upon it than what is customary with Rembrandt. It belonged to the collection of Sir George Beaumont, and passed from him by bequest to the National Gallery, it measures four feet five inches high, by three feet five inches wide. A portrait of this stamp claims affinity with the historical, the man of thought and business is written on it from knee to brow. He is evidently a man of importance in his line, and if

a Jew may be of the race of David ; how much better it is that the painter represented him according to his station, than if he had turned him into an Elijah or an Isaiah, and given him a rapt, upturned look with a halo round his head. He seems not to sit for his portrait, but to form a study for some grand historical composition, representing the chiefs of Israel met in council, when the ark of the Covenant was in the Temple and God was with her princes.

Rembrandt was the son of a miller ; he loved to paint mills, and some have gone so far as to surmise that his first place of study was the dusty interior of one. This conjecture is founded on the strange light under which he chose to look on all subjects ; through the contracted wickets of a mill, lights such as he loved come streaming when the sun is up, amid the dusky machinery. Be that as it may, the marvellous effect which he produced by this mode of treatment has dazzled the world and misled many students ; they sigh for his vivid light and darkness, and seek those striking contrasts at the expense of nature and sentiment. They see only the effect in the works of Rembrandt and refuse to learn that his power of expression is almost equal to it. This is indeed different from the assertion of Reynolds, who says that his attention was principally directed to colouring and effect ; the President places Rembrandt at the head of the Dutch School, but allows him little other merit than astonishing force of colour. Some of his

heads are as vigorous in expression—as unaffected and manly as human heads can well be.

“His portraits,” says Pilkington, “are confessedly excellent; but by his being accustomed to imitate nature exactly, and the nature he imitated being always of the heavy kind, his portraits, though admirable in respect to likeness and the look of life, want grace and dignity in the airs and attitudes. In regard to other particulars he was so exact in giving the true resemblance of the persons who sat to him that he distinguished the prominent feature and character in every face without endeavouring to improve or embellish it. Many of his heads display such a minute exactness as to show even the hairs of the beard, and the wrinkles of old age; yet at a proper distance, the whole has an astonishing effect, and every portrait appears as if starting from the canvas. Thus, a picture of his maid servant, placed at the window of his house in Amsterdam, is said to have deceived the passengers for several days. De Piles, when he was in Holland, not only ascertained the truth of this fact, but purchased the portrait, which he esteemed as one of the finest ornaments of his cabinet.”

The works of Rembrandt are remarkably rare, and when in the market bring incredibly high prices. Some of them are in the collections of British noblemen, and several are in the National Gallery, where their dark splendour attracts many eyes. His own portrait, painted by himself, is in the Ducal



Gallery at Florence. He seems to have had a secret in the composition of his colours which no one has inherited ; in the days of Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke, painters studied their colours as much as they did their compositions ; they made frequent experiments, and to this much of the unattainable lustre of their pictures must be owing. On the contrary, the artists of this age allow other hands to prepare their colours, or when they condescend to do it themselves, they refuse to bestow the study upon them which the applause bestowed upon mere force of colour shows to be quite necessary. Colour-making is now a trade by itself, and the splendour of our pictures is diminished. •

A



## CUYP.

### LANDSCAPE.

ALBERT CUYP, painter of cattle, landscape, and moonlights, was born at Dort in the year 1606 : he was the son and disciple of Jacob Gerritze Cuyp, who distinguished himself in delineating the scenes of his native land—canals, rivers, cattle ; the marching of armies, and their contests in the field. Cuyp the elder was rough and bold in his compositions ; Cuyp the younger was neat, graceful, and poetic : the former had great freedom of touch, a mode of colouring agreeable and sweet, and a transparence in his streams which it was thought no one could rival, till he was surpassed in all in which he was thought excellent by his son. Jacob contented himself with painting one or two species of animals ; but Albert employed his pencil on oxen, sheep, cows, horses, goats ; he represented them grazing in the green fields, ruminating in the shade, driven a-field, or brought home ; and even sometimes crossing rivers and canals. In all that he attempted he succeeded, and indeed excelled ; whatever he touched became beautiful, nor did the beauty surpass the fine freedom of his touch, or his clear and

to the eye as the natural scenes which they represent. In this he is equalled by few; his water all but runs, his grass all but grows, and his suns all but shine. He was a great master of harmony, nor is this more observable in his handling than in his conceptions: he disliked violence, and accomplished all he desired through the graceful, the lovely, and the serene. The commonest subject became in his hands poetical; not that he made angels descend to his landscapes, or brought supernatural splendours upon them; he wrought as a skilful limner does with a portrait; he took the general lineaments, and sought rather to give sentiment than detail. We never think as we look on Cuyp's cows of the milk they will yield, nor what price his horses will bring in the market; there is a poetic atmosphere about the picture which raises us above that. We would instance his celebrated painting of the cattle market and military parade at Dort, as a proof of the accuracy of our assertions. In some other hands the scene would only have been natural and forcible, in his it is more; he has refused to be limited to a mere market place and parade view. To his horses he has given the fire and impetuosity which belong to their nature; to his cattle that meekness and repose peculiar to their character, and shed over the whole a harmonious glow and exquisite grace. His studies were all from nature; in her he laid the foundation of all his compositions, and through her acquired all his fame.

or horses turned loose to their sunday's pasture. There is something above all this—and that is the genius which inspires the whole, and animates the landscape, as sap runs through the tree in spring, giving life to every bough, and covering it with beauty. There are men who can make a staring likeness of a sitter, and others who can make a strong likeness of hill and vale; yet other qualities are required to make them painters of true portrait and landscape. Cuyp had a great affection for his native land: his pictures, taken from scenes around his birth-place, are numerous. He made many drawings, and designs heightened with water-colours, which, together with his etchings, are much valued by the curious and the tasteful. He died at Dort in the year 1667.

The exquisite landscape before us belongs to the collection of the Duke of Bedford; it has other attractions than what arise from the peopled land, the rich valley, and the running stream. The artist in conceiving the picture imagined himself on a journey attended by a friend, and that he had reached a point of view in which all the glories of the scene were revealed to his sight. He quitted his horse, sat down on the ground, took out his pencils, and placing the paper over his knees, laid down the leading lineaments of the landscape to be expanded in oil at his leisure. We must, therefore, add the figure of the painter to the other charms of the picture, and if he has been accurate in his deli-

neation, we must set him down in our fancy as a stout dark man—something Dutch-built, who was fond of a broad brimmed hat—no bad security against sun or rain—and who rode with a sword by his side, like other gentlemen of the period. The fine sweep of the river, with boats floating busy on its bosom, has been much admired; nor should the tributary stream, which steals through among the short trees, and spreading bushes of the fore-ground, be forgotten. The slumbering shepherd, with his little lot of reposing sheep, gives a pastoral touch to the whole. Some who are curious in the history of pictures have raised a controversy concerning the hand which put in the painter and his fellow traveller; some cannot persuade themselves that they are by Cuyp: Thomson, when he represented himself in the Castle of Indolence, as

“ More fat than bard beseems,”

imputed the verse to the hand of a friend—but who believed his report?



## REYNOLDS.

### CUPID.

WHEN Reynolds, in his second discourse, releases the student in painting from the restraint of academic authority, and invests him with skill in science and knowledge in colour, he thus proceeds to give instruction. “ He is from this time to regard himself as holding the same rank with those masters whom he before obeyed as teachers; and as exercising a sort of sovereignty over those rules which have hitherto restrained him. Comparing now no longer the performances of art with each other, but examining the art itself by the standard of nature, he corrects what is erroneous, supplies what is scanty, and adds, by his own observation, what the industry of his predecessors may have yet left wanting to perfection. Having well established his judgment and stored his memory, he may now without fear try the power of his imagination. The mind that has been thus disciplined, may be indulged in the warmest enthusiasm and venture to play on the borders of the wildest extravagance. The habitual dignity which long converse with the greatest minds has imparted to him, will display



itself in all his attempts, and he will stand among his instructors not an imitator but a rival."

In something of the spirit of this portion of his discourse Sir Joshua painted the picture before us. It is an early work, and full of life and motion, and touched with the same sort of character which animates *Muscipula*, his boy *Mercury*, or the urchin *Puck*. Cupid is out on a ramble in the woods, he is naked, but the thorns and briars of this rough world harm nothing that is celestial; he has come to the shadiest part of the grove, and observing, perhaps, a shepherdess more than necessarily coy, or some untamed wood nymph putting on airs of disdain or carelessness, he slyly prepares his bow and arrow, and we may see, by the roguish twinkle of his eye, that he believes the wound he is about to inflict will have more of pleasure than of pain. It is this happy knack of communicating a certain infantine drollery of expression which makes the children of Reynolds so universally admired. His practice was to raise the superstructure of his fancy on living life; he sought out a child of such beauty as was suitable for his purpose; he peaked and perked up the mouth, put a mischievous twinkle into the eyes, and, giving it some little deed of innocent devilry to do, invested it in the richest hues of art; called it Cupid, or Puck, or Jack-a-lantern and astonished his brethren by the unique oddity of his performance. That he was an indifferent master in undulating beauty and consistency of outline the present

and other works prove, but there is a beauty beyond that—originality and vigour of character, in which he excelled, as well as in that glowing magnificence of colouring which no English painter has yet equalled.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the third great painter in the British ranks of art, was born at Plympton in Devonshire, where his father kept a school, on Thursday July 16, 1723. Wilson was then ten years old, and Hogarth had begun his long and glorious career. A love of art came upon him early; he was inspired, Johnson relates, by reading when a child Richardson's *Treatise on painting*; nor was he much encouraged by his father, who wrote, as a rebuke, on the back of one of his boyish studies, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." Days of patronage were at hand; his drawings pleased some judicious neighbours who praised his performances, and a sketch of Plympton school so gladdened his father's heart that he cried "wonderful," and Joshua, at the age of nineteen, was sent to London to pursue his studies as a painter, under the eye of Hudson—a man who could paint a head but had not the skill to place it on the shoulders.

The little that Hudson knew, Reynolds soon mastered, but genius such as his could not pause at mediocrity; in a portrait of one of the female domestics he exhibited such grace of expression and beauty of colour, that Hudson in a fit of jea-

lousy dismissed him from his studio, accusing his own simplicity of having taught him too much. On this Joshua returned to his native county, set up his easel at Plympton, and painted many portraits which helped to fill his pockets as well as to extend his reputation. A painting of himself with palette and pencils in one hand and the other held over his brow, together with the portraits of Miss Chudleigh and Captain Hamilton of the Abercorn family raised high expectations and brought some friends. He now thought of Rome: the eternal city was then, as now, the object of pilgrimage to the painters of England; Reynolds made his appearance in the Vatican in the autumn of 1749, and finding himself as he said in the midst of works executed upon principles with which he was unacquainted, boldly, and we fear rashly, declared that no one of true natural taste could without long study and preparation perceive the divine beauty of Raphael. Light from heaven came to his own eyes in time, the majestic splendour of the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael dawned upon him and he pronounced them unequalled. From that time forward he talked but of those immortal painters; he made copies in outline of many of the principal heads in their compositions, and endeavoured to master the secrets of colour. With a memorandum book filled with sketches and observations he returned to London and proceeded at once to shew that the cold, dry, mechanical style of portrait-painting was

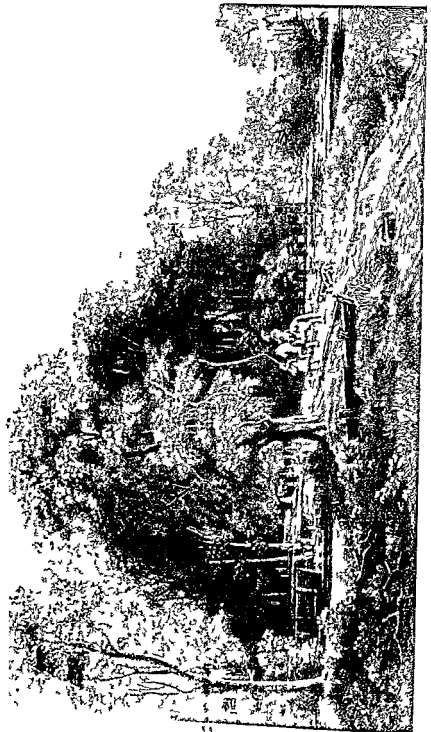
at an end, and that the reign of freedom, and vigour, and natural depth of colour, had commenced.

But the freedom of his postures and the brilliancy of his colouring were not established without opposition. They were pronounced innovations upon the existing system of portrait manufacture. Hudson his old master exclaimed, "Why, Josh man, you don't paint so well as when you left my studio;" and Ellis who had gleaned some knowledge under

"Kneller by heaven and by no master taught,"

shrugged up his shoulders saying "Ah, Reynolds, this will never do—why you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey." This contest did not last long; a portrait of Commodore Keppel placed him at the head of the profession; it came out among the formal portraitures of his brethren in art, with the splendour of a comet; a succession of other heads equally manly and beautiful followed, and he was acknowledged by all, save the king on the throne, to be unequalled in delineating the "human face divine." The coldness of George the Third towards this great artist has never been accounted for; it is true that he sat once to him, conferred on him the order of knighthood, and even spoke of him in terms of approbation, if not of praise; but it is also true that he countenanced him no farther. What his king withheld his country bestowed: he not only enjoyed the friendship of Johnson, Burke, and

Goldsmith, and others scarcely less eminent, but he lived on terms of affection and familiarity with the principal members of the state and all the leading spirits of the land. His stately manners and style of living maintained the dignity of his character; men have laughed at the bustling airs of Hogarth, at the whims of Gainsborough and the follies of Barry, but no one ever mocked Sir Joshua. For thirty years he maintained his station at the head of British art; painted two generations of the beautiful, the brave, and the intellectual of his country, and died full of years and honours on the 23d. of February, 1792, at his house in Leicester Fields. His genius aided largely in establishing the fame of the Royal Academy, and his natural good sense and good feeling united in supporting the dignity as well as usefulness of the Institution.



## WATERLOO.

### LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

Or Anthony Waterloo less is known than we could wish, for his works place him high among the landscape painters of the Low Countries. He seems to have made little impression on the public mind during his life-time, for no one has recorded his birth-place, the year in which he was born, nor the name of the master under whom he studied. But nature strongly felt and elegantly expressed will in time make its way: the paintings of Waterloo began to be enquired after, and then, and not sooner, did the world desire to know something of the history of him who had interested them. The enquiry came too late; rumour supplied the place of truth; some said he was a native of Amsterdam, and that he lived, studied, and died there: others affirmed that Utrecht was his birth-place, and this is countenanced by the tradition that he spent the chief part of his life in the neighbourhood of that city. It is said he was born in the year 1618. His works bear no distinct likeness of study under any particular master: the style belongs to the Low Country school, and it is probable he studied the

pictures of various artists, and formed himself accordingly.

Houbraken and Weyermans, who write of Dutch art, and who were well acquainted with Waterloo's works, speak highly of his merits. "His scenes," says Pilkington, "are agreeable representations of simple nature without any attempt at improvements: he imitated justly what he saw, but wanted elegance in his choice of objects as well as of his situations, yet an exactness is visible in all his performances." This is not exactly true of some pictures which we have looked at from the hand of this artist; nor is it borne out by the landscape which precedes this too imperfect dissertation. There is in truth great elegance and serene loveliness in the scene; the shady woods, the quiet water, the flowery ground, the winding way, and the rustic bridge, are happily and gracefully delineated. The original picture as we looked at it in the collection of our lamented friend Ludgate, appeared to us wonderfully happy, nor has the graver failed in conveying the leading features of its loveliness to the print before us.

Pilkington is nearer the truth when he observes, "there is generally a great degree of clearness in his skies, and very good keeping in his distances; he shews an extraordinary variety in the verdure of trees and grounds which compose his subjects; and he adapted them very judiciously to the different hours of the day, as also to the different seasons of



the year. The trunks of his trees are particularly laboured, and the reflections of objects in the water are wonderfully transparent." In these peculiarities Waterloo resembles Crome of Norwich; they are both eminently skilful in their scenery where woods grow and waters run: to them each tree presented a something of individual character; the bright silvery bark of the birch, the wrinkled stem of the elm, the gnarled boughs of the oak, and the glossy bark of the fir, were all as different in their eyes as they are in nature; even the colour and shape of the leaf was attended to. Some of the landscapes of Waterloo are without figures, and this has brought a charge against him of inability to execute them in the spirit of his groves and streams. Some of our artists see the pencil of Cuyp in the horse and rider of the scene before us, and certainly there is something of the ease and air of that eminent painter about them. His biographers say that he employed the hand of Weeninx in this part of the work; but of a man whose birth-place, mode of study, and residence, were matters rather of conjecture than certainty, it cannot be safely said that he employed other hands than his own in his compositions.

Waterloo seems not to have caught the eye of Reynolds during his visit to the Dutch galleries, for he has not once alluded to him; his pictures are nevertheless high in public estimation, are rarely to be met with, and like most rare things bring high prices in public sales. The painter, it is said, lived

an irregular life, and so produced few pictures ; but this may have been owing as much to his love of drawing and etching as his fondness for fine company, and the presence of the wine-cup. His etchings are masterly. On the whole, Waterloo is not one of those who startle and astonish us by the dash and splendour of their landscapes ; he deals in no burning mountains, cities on fire, or seas in commotion : he steals quietly out to some seldom trodden nook, such as gypsies (who are great judges of natural beauty) love to encamp in, and communicates it to the canvas with wonderful fidelity and grace. His waters run, his trees wave, and his fields live with herbs and flowers. He pleases rather than delights us ; when once felt he cannot be readily forgotten—for truth and nature will always prevail. His simplicity is perfect ; he never tries to make his landscape look grand and majestic : he does the scene justice, and he does no more.



## MORTIMER :

### PORTRAIT IN CHARACTER.

THIS is one of those pictures which characterize the British School of Painting. In works half nature, half fiction, Reynolds excelled more than in pictures of pure invention; it was his practice to pick up some wandering mendicant with a good head and much leisure, and brooding over it, endow it with sentiment, adorn it with all the graces of colour and call it a banished lord, or any other name calculated to excite public curiosity and bring purchasers. In the same manner, but with greater latitude of action, Mortimer created many of the works by which his name is known to the world. His heads from Shakspeare, particularly that fine one embodying the passage commencing with

“ The poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling,”

are part portrait and part ideal; and it is to the honour of his fancy that they look the characters of the great poet as well, and in some instances better, than the creations of other painters.

Mortimer was fond of the wild, the savage and

the wonderful; and it was his pleasure in the fine picture before us to imagine himself a chief of banditti—a Rob Roy of the mountains—and stamp a sort of poetic grandeur on his looks and on his costume. The passionate energy which he has bestowed, the parted lips, the restless eye and the loosened hair, all speak of a life of excitement; while the certainty that it is the likeness of Mortimer himself adds to its value as well as its beauty. Indeed, though every sitter has not a head fit for martial enterprizes, we would prefer portraits in character, to those tame and insipid likenesses with which our exhibitions are filled. Jackson as well as Reynolds limned himself in character, and we always reckoned the picture of the latter with the palette on his thumb, the brush in his hand and his eye brightened with the success of his labours, as one of the happiest of his productions.

Of John Hamilton Mortimer, less is known than his merits deserve, all that we can learn of his parentage, is, that he was the son of a miller at Eastbourne in Sussex; the youngest of four children, and claimed descent from Mortimer, Earl of March. His uncle was a wandering artist, who travelled from district to district, painting a portrait here and a landscape there, and an altar-piece for a church, according to the taste or demands of his employers. The works of his relative exercised an early influence over the mind of Mortimer; he studied, he copied them, and as his skill en-

creased he carried his speculations further, and made original designs from nature and from fancy. On this strong manifestation of his powers his father consented that he should try his fortune in art, and through the aid of a relative a hundred pounds premium was paid for his admission into the studio of the once famous Hudson.

The first object of Mortimer was to acquire skill in colouring; in drawing he perhaps already equalled the best artists of his day. In colouring, however, he never excelled; he had consumed so many years in sketching, and was reckoned so dexterous in delineating banditti that he found a better market for his drawings than for his paintings. Bred on the sea coast amid hereditary smugglers he was familiar with all their wild and daring ways; and with a pencil and paper in his hand has been known to seek out the most savage places, and in spite of the presence of contraband dealers and their known ferocity, delineate what picture dealers called "*Salvator Rosa* sort of scenes," giving the landscape and the people in character. He loved to depict agitated seas, foundering ships, banditti plundering, rough rocks and shaggy woods, and all such places as robbers by land or pirates by sea love to frequent. To this rude academy much of the peculiarity which marks the works of this artist may be traced; it conferred a boldness of conception and handling unknown then in the English school.

Mortimer's genius was soon perceived in London, and those who wished well to it advised him to study a more serene grandeur of style, such as may be readily found in antique sculpture. He had too little patience for this; but, he attended among other students at the Gallery of Antique Casts, established by the munificent Duke of Richmond. This he called his dead school, the school on the Sussex coast was his living one; and we have heard it remarked that the presence of those splendid statues, sobered a little the style of Mortimer and taught him precision and regularity. Cipriani and Moser found him out in this place, and spoke so favourably of his genius to the Duke of Richmond, that his Grace desired much to employ him according to the practice of those days in painting the walls and ceilings of his mansions. The offer was politely declined, for Mortimer was one of those original minded men who cannot work on dictated subjects and spaces defined; moreover he was whimsical and wayward, delighting in following the meteors of his own fancy, and in revelling with such brethren of the art as had money to spend and time to spare.

Having disciplined his hand in the Richmond Gallery, he undertook to paint a large picture of St. Paul converting the Britons to Christianity. It was so favourably received, that the Society for the Encouragement of Arts awarded him their premium of a hundred pounds; the picture was pur-

chased by Dr. Bates, and presented to the Church of Chipping Wycombe in Buckinghamshire. His fame being raised by this work, he painted, *Magna Charta*, the *Battle of Agincourt*, and *Vortigern and Rowena*. There is much of the animation and fiery tumult of a heady fight in *Agincourt*; and in *Vortigern and Rowena*, he represents with considerable force and effect the festival of the Britons and Saxons, and the island prince presenting the brimming cup to the blooming princess. His landing of *Julius Cæsar* was but a sketch, it, however, surpasses the *Battle of Agincourt* in variety of grouping and in variety of scene. The Roman is making his descent on the coast, the legions encumbered with mail and above the knees in water, hold their bucklers before them, with their short sharp swords behind, and push shoreward, while the Britons, half naked and ferocious rush upon them, and

“ The battle closes thick and bloody.”

But the shower of stones and darts from the distant shipping upon the advancing islanders throws them into confusion; and *Cæsar*, like *Fingal*, standing tall in his ship, is commanding his boats round to a readier part of the coast to take their foes in flank. A battle of *Hastings*, from the same hand, is more tame and less picturesque.

Fuseli accuses *Mortimer* of weakness of conception, he might have charged him with extravagance.



There is a continual bustle, a desire to do more than is necessary in all his pictures and drawings. He has vigour about him, but it is of the convulsive kind, he does all by muscular force and by protracted straining, he can do nothing in tranquillity, his heroes draw their swords like furies, his banditti seem to be dividing the world rather than a purse, and his ladies will not be quiet and let their charms work their way, they stare and strut and put on sentiment too strong to be becoming. He died in his thirty eighth year, sensible of a double extravagance in his actions as well as his pictures. The original from which our Portrait in Character is copied belongs to John Slater, Esq



## SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

### A LANDSCAPE.

THE idea of this landscape is excellent, the painter has delineated an English scene of great beauty, and by the use of a little taste and skill has made it illustrate one of the finest passages in Shakespear. The landscape was found near Coleorton-Hall the seat of the Beaumonts of old as well as now; and Sir George had but to add the wounded deer and the melancholy Jaques, to give poetic life to the otherwise inanimate prospect. This is too seldom practised in painting, none of our artists ever think when they paint a seaport, of exhibiting one of our conquering fleets sailing out to battle, or coming back from victory; nor when they delineate a dale do they ever pour into it bands of armed men, and treat us to a fight during the civil wars; nay, Sherwood Forest with its merry outlaws has been wholly forgotten, though the exploits of Robin Hood and the woods in which he achieved them, if well painted, would no doubt find purchasers. In the scene before us the trees are too massive and overwhelming: but the stream with its two falls broken and interrupted by stones, and the distant country seen

through among the crooked stems of the trees are natural and pleasing. The picture measures two feet six inches high, by three feet six inches long, and was presented to the National Gallery by Lady Beaumont.

Of the painter himself much is known to the world and but little has been written; he was one of the most graceful and accomplished gentlemen of his time, a painter of taste and skill, the friend and the patron of genius, kind, condescending and hospitable. The descent of Sir George Beaumont reached higher than that of most of our nobility, for he was connected by blood with both the loftiest rank and the highest genius: among his ancestors he numbered Bohemond Prince of Antioch, the son of Robert Guiscard who shook the throne of Constantinople in the battles of Durazzo and Larissa, and afterwards planted the cross of Christendom on the walls of Jerusalem. His lineage has nearer claims to our regard, and to this Wordsworth alludes in the dedication of his poems. "Several of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves upon the classic ground of Coleorton, where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious poets of your name and family, who were born in that neighbourhood, and we may be assured did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace-Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood." The painter and the poet went often out

to muse among those beautiful scenes together: the former sketched a landscape, the latter composed a poem, and on returning home submitted their labours to Lady Beaumont whose taste in both arts was just and discriminating.

It was sometimes the pleasure of Sir George Beaumont to erect a rustic altar, and no one was so ready as Wordsworth to furnish it with an inscription. The allusions are frequently biographical.

Here may some painter sit in future days,  
 Some future poet meditate his lays :  
 Not mindless of that distant age renowned  
 When inspiration hovered o'er this ground—  
 The haunt of him who sang how spear and shield  
 In civil conflict met at Bosworth field,  
 And of that famous youth full soon removed  
 From earth—perhaps by Shakespeare's self  
     approved,  
 Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend beloved..

In another poem some further light is thrown upon the painter's ancestry.

There on the margin of a streamlet wild  
 Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child,  
 There under shadow of the neighbouring rocks  
 Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks.  
 Unconscious prelude to heroic themes  
 Heart breaking tears and melancholy dreams.

A love of art came early on Sir George; a book

containing many of his boyish sketches is still existing; on his marriage he went with his bride to Italy, and during his abode there he became a painter. In the land of sunshine and art he resumed the pencil which he had long thrown aside, and made many studies from nature, and from Claude and other masters of the calling. His hand improved rapidly by practice, something of a poetic spirit was observed in all his scenes, and he continued his efforts till he painted a landscape, in which he strove to combine the fresh green beauty of England with the brilliant atmosphere and sunny skies of Italy.

Though Claude was his chief favourite in landscape, he was not insensible to the sterner beauties of Wilson; he courted his acquaintance, examined into his manner of handling a picture, and strove to give his own productions the broad and massive splendour of the great master of English landscape. "The pictures," he thus writes to a friend, "on which Wilson's high reputation is founded, are not very numerous, he did not long possess that vigour of mind and hand which characterizes the Niobe. His pencil though feeble and negligent in his decline, is in his best works, firm, bold and decisive. I do not conceive his colouring to be his prime excellence, yet it is frequently sweet and airy, solemn and grand, as the subject required, and seldom or never out of harmony."

Sir George was the companion of Gainsborough

main perfect can never be so safe as under the guardianship of a body which never dies ; and I see every year such proofs of the carelessness with which people suffer those inestimable relics to be rubbed, scraped and polished, as if they were their family plate, that I verily believe, if they do not find some safe asylum, in another half century little more will be left than the bare canvasses." His wishes were successful, the collection of Angerstein was bought, a gallery established, nor was it long before his own pictures were united to them. His health and strength of frame promised a life longer than common ; his looks were fresh, his step firm, and he had been enjoying the society of some intimate friends, when he was seized with sudden illness at Coleorton Hall and hurried to the grave in a few days. He was mild and gentle in his manners, and his loss has been widely felt among all the children of art.





## MURILLO.

## THE LAST SUPPER.

THE history of the picture from which this engraving has been carefully copied, must be regarded as curious. It was painted by Murillo in early life for a Convent in Valencia, where it remained unmolested, till the great war of the Peninsula brought judges of pictures both from France and England. Sir John Murray during his short occupation of the province, found leisure to admire it; he went frequently to see it, and was heard to declare that its character and colour were such as he loved to look on. As ardent admirers, and much less scrupulous, soon made their appearance. The French army advanced into that quarter, the Convent held out the two fold attraction of living beauty, as well as works of art, to that lively and tasteful people; they were not likely to regard either convent or church as a sanctuary, and the picture was removed from the wall, and packed up to be carried off. The French, however, had to retire as rapidly as they advanced; on their retreat they sold or disposed of their splendid Murillo to a Spanish

artist, who in his turn placed it in the gallery of a collector among many other pictures.

There "The Last Supper," remained till repose returned to Spain, when it was threatened with another removal. As something like a general restoration of such property took place elsewhere, Ferdinand authorized the original owners of all church pictures, to seize them wherever they were to be found, and take them away without repayment or apology. On this the owner of the picture became alarmed, and transmitted it for safety to England; where it is to be found in the keeping of W. W. Sharp, Esq. of Upper Berkeley Street. A question as to its authenticity it seems was raised while it remained in Spain, upon which Don Vicente Lopez, the king's chief painter, who had seen it when removed by the French, referred to the Convent to which it once belonged, and found that the year in which it had been painted, together with the price paid to Murillo, were registered. This silenced those who claimed it as the work of Espinosa; and indeed the style of handling is satisfactory enough to such men of taste as are acquainted with the works of these eminent masters. The picture measures twelve feet ten inches long, by six feet eight inches high, and is in good preservation.

It is a work of great care and study; many of the heads are supposed to be portraits, a little

idealized, of the churchmen and grandees of Spain. There is considerable variety of expression as well as of attitude, and a mental capacity visible in the countenances of the disciples, such as their lives and actions induce us to expect. The Christ is less successful, but Murillo could not succeed where Raphael may be said to have failed; there is little of celestial descent about him. save the halo, yet the whole scene is one of awe. The passage embodied may be found in that touching Chapter the thirteenth of St. John.

“21. When Jesus had thus said, he was troubled in spirit, and testified, and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.

22. Then the disciples looked one on another, doubting of whom he spake.

23. Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.

24. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, that he should ask who it should be of whom he spake.

25. He then lying on Jesus' breast, saith unto him, Lord, who is it?

26. Jesus answered, He it is to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it.”

It appears to us, however, that the moment of time selected by the painter for giving the sentiment to his picture follows closely our Saviour's denunciation of Judas Iscariot. Apostle turns to Apostle with looks of surprise or doubt; Judas himself seems desirous of making his defence, he

lays one hand on his bosom and expands the other as if denying by his action what his looks acknowledge.

Of the life of Murillo we have already spoken in an earlier number. His works are not numerous in England ; his melancholy colouring, and the Spanish look of his delineations of character, mark him sufficiently out as an original and of a strange land. Though his pictures are not generally of a historical order, his genius was felt by the Court and the Church, and Charles the second was desirous of making him his chief painter, but the declining years and great diffidence of Murillo interposed. The imagination of this eminent man seems not to have been of a high order ; he could paint with fine effect and wonderful happiness the living objects before him, but he could not brood over them, endow them with grace, and cover them with beauty. Had it been the custom of angels to ascend and descend, and sit to limners in those days, Murillo would have hit off accurate fac-similes of their persons, but he could not imagine them ; and this is both his defect and his excellence, he has failed in the poetic and the lofty, but he has compensated for it by the characteristic truth of his representations, and the dark fidelity of his colours.



## ARNOLD MAAS.

## THE VIGILANT MISTRESS.

THERE are three painters of the name of Maas ; viz. Arnold, born at Gouda, in 1623 ; Nicholas, born at Dort, in 1632 ; and Dirk, born at Haerlem, in 1656. The first painted weddings, dances, and festive meetings ; the second was a painter of portraits, and as such was upbraided by Jordaens for submitting to the whims, the follies, and impertinencies of ignorant sitters ; and the third excelled in market scenes, and fruits and flowers, and lived some time in England, where he painted the Battle of the Boyne for the Earl of Portland.

The picture from which the engraving of the Vigilant Mistress is copied belongs to the collection of His Majesty ; it is the work of Arnold Van Maas ; and, like all the other productions of the Dutch school of art, is remarkable for the simplicity of its conception and the plainness of its story. The scene is laid in the dwelling-house of a person in the middle rank of life : on one side of the picture a cellar door stands open ; barrels of good home brewed beer are ranged orderly along the walls ; two servants have been sent to tap an old cask, or

make room for the admission of a new one. They have already extracted a quantity; one of them has a glass at his lips, and is allowing the fine clear nut-brown ale to run slowly and enjoyingly in at an opening which can scarcely be called a mouth; while the kitchen-maid, allured by the temptation of pleasant drink and social company, has left her broom on the floor, and is submitting with a demure patience to the fondling of a fellow servant. A lantern on the top of the barrel sheds a glimmering light along the floor, and shines on the faces of the happy group. In the meantime the Vigilant Mistress mistrusting her menials, and suspecting the cause of their loitering, descends the stair as if she trod on eggs; her finger is at her lip, and both ears are open; another step and she is among them—another moment and they will know the penalty which awaits on the double fault of wasting her time and consuming her liquor.

Of Maas little is known in England; he was a disciple of Teniers the younger, and acquired from his master a taste of imitating simple nature, and a desire to paint the scenes which the land around afforded. He loved to wander among farm-houses, villages, and country towns; he called them his school of study, and the people whom he found busied in them, his sitters and his models. A wedding supplied him with many studies; to a dance he was indebted for ease and motion; to a carousal he owed character and life; and if he saw half a dozen

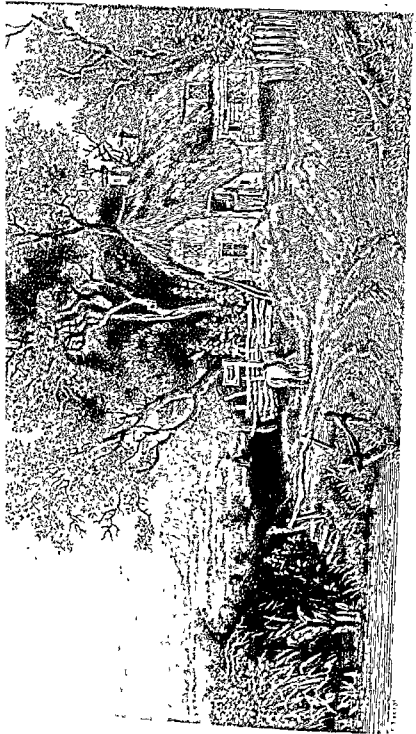
villagers gathered together he loved to get near them and make sketches. By this way of going to work he infused life and nature into his compositions. He excelled in scenes requiring spirit and humour. Having acquired distinction at home he desired to seek it abroad, and accordingly left Holland for Italy, where he travelled and studied several years. Of the masters whose works he consulted, or the cities which he visited, no one has told us; the style in which he excelled seems not to require acquaintance with the masters of the poetical and the historic; but he knew best—he doubtless felt the advantage of looking at the bright conceptions and grand harmonies of the Italian masters.

The works of this artist are far from numerous; Reynolds, in his tour through Holland, either did not see them or did not feel them; he has not mentioned his name or alluded to his paintings. Maas excels in clear and brilliant colouring: he is fond too of strong contrasts, sudden gleams of light amid thick darkness. He never equalled Teniers in his soft, sharp, brilliant touches, nor Jan Steen in his management of light and shadow; but he acquired a name which will be long heard of for vivid presentations of nature, for simplicity of conception, and a quiet sly humour. Holland is full of the pictures of her own masters: they are to be found in almost every house. “I have only to add,” says Sir Joshua, “that in my account of the Dutch pictures, which is indeed little more than a catalogue, I



have mentioned only those which I considered worthy of attention. It is not to be supposed that these are the whole of the cabinets described; perhaps in a collection of near a hundred pictures, not ten are set down; their being mentioned at all, though no epithet may be added, implies excellence." It is plain from this that the President considered only such pictures as he thought excellent worthy of attention; but there are many fine works which approach near excellence, and the Dutch galleries number some from the hand of Arnold Van Maas among them.

The life of this artist was brief; he fell sick on his way home from Italy, and died in 1664, before he could show his countrymen any specimens of his improved taste and skill, or give his fame the advantage of his Italian studies. Many of his designs and drawings are preserved in the cabinets of the tasteful and the curious. His pictures are scarce, and like all rare things bring high prices when exposed to sale.



## PATRICK NASMYTH.

### COUNTRY PUBLIC HOUSE.

THERE are instances abroad, but not many in this country, of the inheritance of a family lying in peculiar talents. Families here seem exhausted with producing one eminent person of their blood and name: we have no second Spensers, Shakespeares or Miltons; neither have we a second Hogarth or a Reynolds. An eminent name becomes mute, and an undistinguished one comes forward and claims the applause of the world. In British art the most remarkable name is perhaps that of Nasmyth. The eldest of the family, Alexander, is well known as a very original and ingenious mechanist; his portraits are numerous, he has the merit of having painted the only true likeness of the illustrious Burns, and his landscapes are of great excellence; his eldest daughter, Mrs. Terry, all but rivals her father in ease and truth; we have seen some of her river scenes as vivid and varied as nature: his youngest daughter, Ann, paints landscapes in a way worthy of her sister; she copies from the hill, the tree, and the stream, and handles

all she touches with much sweetness : the pictures of his son Patrick Millar Nasmyth, are known far and wide ; the very fine natural scene which introduces this article will show that he was no common artist, and vindicate the little we have to say about his memory and his merits.

He was born at Edinburgh, 7th January, 1787, and named after Patrick Millar, of Dalwinston, who distinguished himself by applying steam to the purposes of navigation. He began to draw almost as soon as he could write ; nor was he long in making use of colours ; he may be said to have been born with the palette on his thumb. As Alexander held the chief place as a landscape painter in Edinburgh, he had many students, and Patrick, at a very tender age took upon himself the task of instructor, and became useful among the pupils. He studied pictures, but he studied nature more ; he loved to wander about the romantic hills and glens in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, studying the varied hues of the scene and the season : he was early familiar with the loveliness of spring, the bloom of summer, the beauty of autumn, and the majesty of winter. While he studied on the hills of Braid, on Salisbury Craigs, by Leith-water, or in the glen of Roslin, he imagined he was preparing himself for imitating Wynants, Hobbima, and Ruysdael. But though he fondly believed that he was walking in the footsteps of these masters, it was fortunate for his fame that he created a style of his own

from nature. In truth, all his landscapes have an island impress upon them ; his very atmosphere is British, as well as the verdure of the ground, and the foliage of the trees.

When Patrick Nasmyth was some three and twenty years old he came to London and exhibited in the British Institution a view of Loch Katerine, made memorable at that time by Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. His merits were acknowledged by many judges ; but though his works were full of truth and harmony, the brilliant conceptions of other landscape painters more than satisfied the public taste. He exhibited the accurate beauties of nature almost in vain, and found sufficient cause to complain of want of patronage. Though chance sent now and then a generous or a discerning customer, he was often without a market for his productions, and as his prices were never high, he had to dash scenes hastily off and sell them for a trifle among the righteous dealers in the article in order that he might live. He became a member of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, and contributed many pictures, some of which were sold from the walls ; but he was better known to painters than to the public, and it cannot I fear be affirmed that he ever earned an income worthy of his merits.

After he came to the south he sometimes wandered back to the north to refresh his sight, he said, with such nature as he had studied when a boy.

The Ettrick Shepherd relates that one summer morning he accompanied Patrick and his father to the hills of Braid where they looked upon the hay-fields. "The scene," said the Poet, "was quite delightful; what with the scent of the hay, the beauty of the weather, and the rural group of hay-makers. Alexander Nasmyth, who was always on the look out for some striking scene of nature, called to his son 'come here, Patrick, and look at this! did you ever see aught equal to it? Look at those happy hay-makers in the foreground; that fine old ash tree and castle between us and the clear blue sky. I have hardly ever seen such a landscape; if you had not been stupid you would have noticed it before me.' 'I saw it well enough,' said Patrick, 'but I saw something else—look at that girl with the hay-rake in her hand!' 'Aye, now Patrick, that's some sense,' said Alexander, 'I excuse you for not looking at the scene I was sketching.' There were three men and a very handsome girl loading a cart with hay. We walked on and the hay-cart overtook us, for Nasmyth would never cease either sketching, or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature. I remember too, that he made a remark, which I think neither he nor his most ingenious son ever attended much to. 'It is amazing,' said he, 'how little makes a good picture, and frequently the less that is taken in the better.'" We are not sure of the accuracy of the Shepherd's surmise: certainly the landscapes of the Nasmyths are not

crowded ; they have the freedom of nature, and the truth of perspective ; and we could point out some of their scenes where much liberty has been taken, unseemly parts improved, and all brought into science and harmony.

During this excursion with the poet, it has been said that Patrick Nasmyth, in a race with Alexander, the Ventriloquist, fell and hurt his breast so badly that he never recovered ; 'in short his death has been ascribed to it. " I hope it is not so," says Hogg, " for though a perfect simpleton, he was a great man in his art." We scarcely know what the poet means by simpleton, for Nasmyth was a clear-headed, shrewd, and clever man, nor are we sure that his death ensued from the fall which he describes. Men of genius, with all their sensibilities, are more alive to the " oppressor's wrong and the proud man's contumely" than the dull and the obtuse ; fame deferred—works of merit achieved in vain—a cold lodging, into which hope alone enters—a body not always well covered, and hunger not always appeased, unite in conveying the meritorious and the gifted to their graves, without the help of hard falls or fits of fever. Nasmyth died 17th August, 1831, and was buried in Lambeth churchyard. The inscription on his grave-stone relates the rest. " He was a native of Scotland, and his country was justly proud of his talents. As a delineator of landscape, the productions of his pencil, tasteful and vivid, reflect honour on that department of the

British School In his manners he was as modest and unassuming as in his profession he was skilful and eminent This stone was erected by the resident Scottish artists in London—a humble but sincere tribute to his memory ”

The picture which introduces this brief sketch represents a Public House in Hampshire, where, under the sign of the Jolly Brown Bowl the painter and his friends sometimes made merry It was painted in 1825, and is justly esteemed as a fine specimen of Nasmyth's peculiar manner. The sunset is warm, the trees are in their beauty, and nature is soft and balmy It is in the collection of John Slater, Esq





## PAUL POTTER.

## THE YOUNG BULL.

MANY strange lessons may be read in the history of works of art; they move about with the changes of fortune. Some of the pictures of Charles I. found their way into the hands of the republican leaders, others were disposed of in foreign lands, and not a few destroyed at home. We have in our day seen collections of the rarest kind dispersed to the four quarters of the world; and on several occasions it has required a strong exertion of national feeling to hinder an Emperor of Russia, or a King of the Netherlands, from carrying away, by force of money alone, some of the very best paintings belonging to the richest country in the world. The beautiful picture, by Paul Potter, of which the engraving before us is a masterly copy, has undergone sundry vicissitudes of fortune; the sum of twelve hundred guineas placed it in the suddenly formed gallery of Watson Taylor, and there it seemed to have a chance of abiding, when a wind from the west brought a change on its wings: the auctioneer invaded the sanctity of what he called the *Chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters, and the painting of the far famed "Young Bull" was consigned to the col-

lection of John Walter, Esq. of Bearwood. It is painted on panel, and measures fourteen inches and a half wide by seventeen inches and a half high.

The subject is simple: a bull, two cows, a stunted tree, a small knoll, and a clear sky, are the matters in hand: but genius can find materials for its creations in common and familiar things. One beautiful cow lies on the grass; she seems to have satisfied herself on the rich herbage around, and is desirous of quiet; the other, of a darker colour, and of a different breed, turns round to meet the bull, who has just left the herd in the meadows, and is in the act of advancing; his broad breast, square front, and budding horns, are thus brought into the foreground. The group is natural and beautiful, the whole seems endowed with life and motion; every vein and muscle are marked, and the variety of colour is touched in with wondrous felicity. The bull appears to be copied from a model which Potter made for a larger picture, now in the Museum at the Hague. The colour is a rich dark brown and the head of the animal is reckoned one of the happiest efforts of art. The pasture land is finely painted; the sky is clear, with light clouds scattered over it; other animals are grazing in the neighbouring grounds; on the right is the trunk of a tree, where two small birds are perching, and on a stile which leads to other fields is inscribed "Paulus Potter; F. 1647." It belonged to the gallery of Burgo-Master Hoguer, and was brought to

Erlestoke Park in 1817, and sold in the year 1832 along with many other noble pictures.

There have been whole families of artists in Holland: a correct eye, a clever hand, and a sound understanding, are more likely to be hereditary in a race than the higher faculty of imagination. Paul was the son of Peter Potter, an artist of some reputation, known in Enkhuysen, his native place, as a painter of landscapes and scripture pieces: his *St. Paul the Hermit in the Desert*, still exists, and is not without admirers: but he is better known through the fame of his son, whose genius he had the merit of discovering. Paul studied under his father, and before he was fifteen years old we are told by the biographers his skill was such that men looked on him as a prodigy. From his father he soon perceived that he could learn little; this made him turn to nature; he wandered about the fields making sketches; he watched the hues of the woods, the changes in the colour of grass or corn as the sun and wind passed over them; and he made himself acquainted with the looks and forms and ways of cattle. He had a quick hand, and unbounded patience; he copied nothing from others; he found nature to be the truest guide to life and originality; and he pencilled in the trunks of trees, the blades of grass, and the "ring-straked, the speckled, and the spotted," among the cattle with an elegance and an ease all but rivalling life.

"His subjects," says Pilkington, "were land-

scapes with different animals, but principally cows, oxen, sheep, and goats, which he painted in the highest perfection. His colouring is soft, agreeable, transparent, and true to nature; his touch is free and delicate, and his outline very correct. His skies, trees, and distances, show a remarkable freedom of hand, with a masterly ease and negligence; and his animals are exquisitely finished and touched with abundance of spirit. He was certainly one of the best painters in the Low Countries, not only for the delicacy of his pencil, but for his exact imitation of nature, which he incessantly studied and represented in a lovely manner. His only amusement was walking in the fields, for the purpose of sketching every scene and object on the spot; and he afterwards not only composed his subjects from his drawings, but frequently etched them, and the prints are deservedly very estimable."

Fame is seldom obtained on easier terms than earnest and well directed study. A happy verse or a clever picture may be hit off in a random fit of inspiration, but all lasting works are full of knowledge and observation, and show their authors to have been intimate with the world around and with the human heart. It was the practice of Paul Potter to make small models in clay of his groups of cattle; he admitted the light upon them, and taking up his pencil delineated them in colours, distributing light and shade according to nature. Some of our ablest painters follow the same practice;

Wilkie frequently satisfies himself of the accuracy of his groupings in the same way ; and the *Juliet* of Thomson, a work of great poetic merit, was first sketched in clay. But the impatience of the world for something new compels artists to work hard and hurry their pictures from the easel : one or two paintings, no more than one or two books, will give *fame to a man in these our latter days : the tree of imagination which bears but a couple of apples, though the flavour may be celestial, is considered as barren. Nevertheless, future fame will likely abide by those slowly produced and well considered things ; and this is worth the attention of all who desire to be heard of hereafter.*

The works of Paul Potter are far from numerous ; they come seldom into the market, and when they make their appearance the competition among men of taste to possess them is sharp and eager. He was born in 1625 ; and never moved out of Holland ; he found the materials of his landscapes in the country around him, and when he died, in 1654, all his works on hand were purchased, finished and unfinished. One landscape, painted for the Countess of Solms, brought two thousand florins : another landscape with a Herdsman and Cattle, as large as life, was carried out of the Prince of Orange's gallery by the French, and placed in the Louvre. When the bayonets of the Allies dispersed the collections of Napoleon the picture disappeared, and is now likely in its original place.

Our artists should study in the manner of Paul Potter, he refused to take the attitudes and character of his animals from printings however beautiful, nor did he dash a picture hastily or carelessly off, however much it was wanted; all with him is the offspring of study, yet all is nature. The exquisite skill and ability of his finish has been objected to, but the error is so rare that it almost amounts to a virtue. In truth, nature finishes all her works with a patient and cunning hand, the flowers of the fields, the leaves of the trees, the shells on the sea shore, are all created with a precision and beauty beyond the imitation of man. Those, however, who desire to approach her with the pencil must consider her earnestly, they will see no imperfect developements of parts, no want of harmony in her hues, and none of those hard, rigid, and coarse lines, which deform so many modern landscapes.





# PHILIP WOUVERMANS.

## THE SUTLING BOOTH.

“THE pictures of Wouvermans,” says Reynolds, “are well worthy the attention and close examination of a painter. One of the most remarkable of them is known by the name of the Hay-Cart; another, in which there is a coach and horses, is equally excellent. There are three pictures in the Orange gallery, hanging close together, in his three different manners; his middle manner is by much his best; the first and last have not that liquid softness which characterizes his best works. Besides his great skill in colouring, his horses are correctly drawn, very spirited, of a beautiful form, and always in unison with their ground. Upon the whole he is one of the few painters whose excellency in his way is such as leaves nothing to be wished for.” This is high and merited praise: the works of Wouvermans in this country support the opinion of the president.

The scene before us is one of a class in which the painter delighted; he seems to have cared little for inanimate landscape; the subjects on which he exercised his pencil were chiefly huntings and

hawkings; regiments on the march, or armies enjoying the agreeable leisure of encampment; farriers' shops, or the labours of the husbandman. This enabled him to introduce horses, in the delineation of which he excelled. Yet, beautiful as his horses are, they are ever subordinate to the sentiment of the scene; they are only auxiliaries. In the work before us Wouvermans seems to have given his pencil considerable license: all around are indications of a martial encampment; tents with displayed banners, and armed men moving about; the sutler, sensible that he is a necessary evil, has raised his booth not wholly in sight, nor yet fairly out of view of the army, and displaying an empty flagon for a sign, proceeds to entertain such guests as his viands, and more particularly his liquors, allure. He has already obtained sundry jolly customers, among whom the good drink is doing its duty. One cavalier has his foot in the stirrup, probably to try how he can balance himself; another, seated quietly in his saddle, has emptied the flagon, and holds it out to be replenished; while a third, fixed on the top of an empty barrel, detains by gentle force the landlady, who seems alike willing to solace her guests with her society or her drink. Other mounted cavaliers are on the spur towards the Sutling Booth, and the spectator is left to decide whether the new comers are stung with thirst, or moved with anger at this laxity of discipline in their comrades. The picture is the property of James Platt, Esq.

Of the life of the distinguished painter we shall render some account. Paul Wouvermans, an indifferent artist, who lived at Haerlem, had three sons, who all followed his own profession. Of these, Peter painted figures on horseback, and had some taste in representations of female beauty; John executed landscapes in a pleasing style and rich tone of colour; but the most eminent was Philip, through whose works the name of Wouvermans takes a place in the ranks of original genius. He was born at Haerlem, in the year 1620; studied under his father, who could teach him little save the rudiments of his art, and completed his education in the studio of John Wynants, who declared that his pupil, in fine pencilling and true colouring, surpassed all living painters. Nor was this praise more than he merited; to others, as well as to his gracious master, he appeared a prodigy, and there were not wanting judges who asserted, that his pictures exhibited a happy selection of scene and a truth of representation all but magical.

When Reynolds visited the collections of Flanders and Holland, he was struck, as we have stated, with the skill of Wouvermans, and scarcely allowed one of his pictures to pass without a mark of approbation. He, in particular, noticed a gentleman and lady on horseback, conversing with a horseman whose hat was off; a man before them was playing on a bagpipe, accompanied by a man and woman dancing, while behind, and at a distance, other figures were

dancing to another musician, who stood up against a tree. This, he said, was the best Wouvermans he ever saw. Hazlitt, who felt beauties of every kind with a keen relish, says, in his notes on the Dulwich Gallery, "There are several capital pictures of horses, &c. by Wouvermans in the same room, particularly the one with a hay-cart loading, on the top of a rising ground. The composition is as striking and pleasing as the execution is delicate. There is immense knowledge and character in Wouvermans' horses—an ear, an eye turned round, a cropped tail, give you their history and their thoughts; but from want of a little arrangement, his figures look too often like spots on a dark ground. When they are properly relieved and disentangled from the rest of the composition, there is an appearance of great life and bustle in his pictures. His horses, however, have too much of the *manege* in them—he seldom gets beyond the camp or the riding school."

The sense of his merits, so well expressed by his English admirers, seems not to have been entertained by the wealthy and the influential in his native Holland. He excelled not in the art of making himself agreeable to those who made the patronage of painters the chief business of their lives, and, like our own Turner, was unpliant and proud. "He had not the good fortune," says Pilkington, "during his life to meet with encouragement equal to his desert; for with all his assiduity and extreme

industry, he found it difficult to maintain himself and his family. He seemed to be a stranger to the artifices of the merchants, who therefore imposed on him, under the disguise of zeal for his interests, and while they artfully enriched themselves by his works, continued to keep him depressed and narrow in his circumstances. Wouvermans could not help feeling the neglect with which he was treated, and it affected him so strongly, that a few hours before he died, he ordered a box filled with his studies to be burned, saying, "I have been so badly rewarded for all my labours, that I would prevent my son from being allured to embrace so miserable and uncertain a profession as mine." He died, after a short illness, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and, it is generally surmised, of a broken heart.

Yet, if we may credit other authorities, the genius of Wouvermans was perceived by the generous De Witt, who prevailed with the painter to execute a picture as a companion, some say rival, to one by Bamboccio. When those works were exhibited in public, says Houbraken, de Witt exclaimed, "All our connoisseurs seem to prefer the works of the painters who have studied at Rome; now therefore observe how much the work of Wouvermans, who never saw Rome, surpasses that of him who resided there for several years." This observation, which was received with general applause, was thought to have had too violent an effect on the spirits of

Bambocclo, and many imagined that it contributed to his death.

The designs of Wouvermans are all simple, and represent matters familiar to every age. His works cannot be said to be inventions: he selects objects from nature, and raises them by his exquisite skill of hand and sense of propriety into the regions of beauty. There is great sweetness in his colouring, great variety in the attitudes of his horses, and wonderful delicacy in the way he touches off trees, and force and harmony in his light and shade. It has been remarked, that his knowledge of nature was so extensive as to hinder him from repeating his back-grounds, or imitating his own distances. He had skill in architecture; some of his scenes, where fountains are playing, cattle grazing, and ladies hawking, contain glimpses of temples among trees, equally picturesque and elegant. "The pencil of Wouvermans," says his biographer, "was mellow, and his touch was free; though his pictures were finished most delicately, his distances recede with true perspective beauty; and his skies, air, trees, and plants, are all exact and lovely imitations of nature. In his latter time his pictures had rather too much of the greyish and blue tint; but, in his best days, he was not inferior, either in correctness, colouring, or force to any of the artists of Italy."



# GERARD TERBURG.

## THE TRUMPETER.

THIS is a very pleasing picture: the characters are well marked, and the story distinctly told. It cannot miss to be felt far and wide: drowsy commanders are not peculiar to Holland, nor a love of innocent drollery confined to its ladies. The painter is something of a satirist: he has imagined a military leader, become corpulent during the tranquillity of a long peace, taking his evening indulgence without the fear of the enemy before him. His fighting days seem to be over; his body is equal to the filling up of a trench or the closing of a breach, and how he will be able to get on horseback—for his spurs denote the equestrian—seems unimaginable, save through the aid of a crane. He has fallen asleep; his massy arms are folded heavily over his ample body; his wig is a little awry, and the wine-flask, which may be blamed for this, stands quite handy. The lock of his pistol is closely wrapt in a handkerchief, lest it should go off of its own accord; the plumed hat has fallen on the floor, while his immense spurs appear disposed to invade his own shins.



Into the presence of this military worthy, a trumpeter comes with a letter. it cannot be upon business of pressing emergency, from the quiet and amusing way taken to rouse the commander from his repose. A little cock-nosed, joyous-eyed damsel advances upon him, with the letter in one hand and a straw in the other, and is just in the act of applying the latter to his nose—such is the skill of the artist, that we almost pause with the hope of seeing the huge slumberer arouse himself. The trumpeter seems to enjoy the sport after his own way. his hat is under his arm as a mark of respect, his instrument is in his hand to betoken his vocation, while with his left he is scratching his head and smiling, more in the eyes than with the lips, for he is not unaware that gravity will best become him when his leader awakes. The rich loose dress of the young woman, and the military splendour of the trumpeter, form a fine contrast. The skill of the painter in portraiture has been employed wisely in this picture, we almost envy Mr Artis, the spirited collector, the possession of a work of such talent, it measures about two feet six inches square, a size larger than what is usual with the artist.

The name of the painter, Gerard Terburg, holds no undistinguished place amongst the artists of Holland, his pictures are always welcome to the market when varying taste or change of fortune scatter collections, and on the day of sale we are without fail reminded that Reynolds in his tour bestows high

commendations on several of his productions. He was born at Zwoll, near Overysse, in the year 1608, and studied painting under his father, who had spent some years, not unsuccessfully, at Rome. There can be no surer proof given of the mechanical nature of Dutch art, than the circumstance of whole families working away, palette on thumb and brush in hand, from generation to generation. When we read the history of art in Holland, we are reminded of the story of the priesthood among the Jews; and yet it rarely happened that more than one of a name arose to any thing like eminence. Terburg studied portrait painting in his youth; was accounted clever in seizing character, and having collected a small purse of money, resolved to see the world, and know what the artists of other lands were doing.

He made his appearance in England during the stormy times of the great civil war—we know not that he obtained any employment. Charles, whose taste was undoubted, found more serious matters to settle, than elegance of expression and harmony of colours. From England Terburg went to France, where he staid a short while, and thence proceeded to Rome, considered then, as now, the seat of arts, and the proper spot for inspiration. He seems not to have studied much, or else with little effect, for his biographers accuse him of adhering to his old modes of handling, his old class of subjects and his old style of design, in spite of all the brilliant examples of the Italian collections.

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Little remains untold of the story of Terburg; he was fond of introducing white satin in his compositions, and, as he executed it well, he was careful to dispose it so as to receive the principal light. "The most considerable of the Dutch schools," says Reynolds, "are Rembrandt, Teniers, Jan Steen, Ostade, Brouwer, Gerard Douw, Mieris, Metzu, and Terburg; these excel in small conversations." Besides this, Sir Joshua mentions the painter thrice—"A conversation by Terburg, a woman sitting on the ground bearing her elbow on a man's knee, and resting her head on her hand:" this is in the gallery of the Prince of Orange. In the collection of Greffier Fagel he found another by the same hand—"A girl receiving a letter from an old woman;" and in the cabinet of M. Gart, at Amsterdam, he observed "Portraits of Terburg and his wife—small whole-lengths." The silence of the president indicated excellence in the pictures. The painter died at Deventer, in the seventy-third year of his age.

It has been elsewhere remarked that the Dutch School of Painting sprung into eminence at once. "It is true," Sir Joshua says, "an artist, by a close examination of the works of the Dutch painters, may in a few hours make himself master of the principles on which they wrought, which cost them whole ages, and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages, to ascertain." The most distinguished painters of

"The subjects," says Pilkington, "which he loved to paint, were conversations, persons engaged at different games, performers on musical instruments, droll adventures, and domestic incidents, all copied from nature, but without that embellishment which is the result of elegance of choice. He finished his pictures highly with a light and agreeable touch; his colouring is lively and transparent, and he shows a pleasing and skilful management of the *chiaro-oscuro*; but he wanted a better taste of design."

In the year 1648 we find the painter at Munster, then the seat of Congress for the settlement of peace on the continent. There he painted the portraits of the chiefs of the various nations in one grand composition, which procured for him an invitation from Count Pignoranda, the Spanish minister, to go to Madrid in his suite. Of the portraits which he painted in Spain we have no account; but he seems to have given satisfaction, for the king conferred on him the order of knighthood, and presented him with a massy chain and medal of gold. Though his chief excellence lay in portraiture, Terburg is perhaps as well known in this country through his smaller pictures; they are like the work which precedes these remarks—full of character, and give us an all but living image of the people among whom he studied. Compositions indeed of a more mental or poetic kind the good folk of Holland seemed not to relish; and though perhaps the taste of England stands a degree or two higher in the scale of art, our

exhibitions show sufficiently that our hearts are with domestic scenes and subjects of ordinary life.

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character, nevertheless, lived all within the limits of a century Teniers was born in 1610; Rembrandt in 1606, Brouwer in 1608, Gerard Dow in 1613, Metzu in 1615; Mieris in 1635; and Jan Steen in 1635. "Painters should go," continues the President, "to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting, as they would go to a grammar school to learn languages They must go to Italy to learn the higher branches of knowledge." There are many of the finest compositions of the Dutch painters in our English collections those which graced the walls of Carlton Palace were chiefly gathered by his late Majesty, and were individually excellent. Some choice ones are in the Stafford Gallery: of these Hazlitt says "There are two Teniers's, a fair and boors' merry making, unrivalled for a look of the open air, for lively awkward gesture, and variety and grotesqueness of grouping and rustic character. There is a little picture by Le Nain, called the Village Minstrel, with a set of youthful auditors, the most incorrigible little urchins we ever saw, but with admirable execution and expression. The Metzus are curious and fine, the Ostades admirable Gerard Douw's own portrait is certainly a gem We noticed a Ruysdael—a dark, flat, wooded country, but delectable in tone and pencilling."



## CLAUDE.

### HAGAR AND THE ANGEL.

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A GERMAN artist, who desired to be classical, painted the matrons and warriors of Troy carrying the dead body of Hector along the streets; all was natural, and even noble; yet scholars laughed, for the mourners were taking the corse into a Gothic church, instead of a Greek temple. The sentiment was right; the same may be said of the picture before us; the castle on the distant hill, and the one arched bridge over the adjacent stream, are matters pertaining to castles of the middle ages, rather than to patriarchal history; all else is natural and true. The landscape, though very small, is of great beauty; the sunshine is painted in a way truly vivid; it glows on the hills and on the stream, and is only prevented by the green and cooling foliage of the trees from filling the air with a splendour fit only for the eyes of angels.

The picture belongs to the National Gallery; it measures only one foot eight inches high, by one foot four inches wide, and was purchased out of the collection of Mr. Daune by Sir George Beaumont, who bequeathed it to his country. So much



did the latter admire it, that he always took it with him when he went from London to Coleorton; it was seldom out of his thoughts, and the influence of its beauty may be traced in several of his own pictures. Ottley, in his catalogue, gives an inventory of what it contains. "A broad river, with cattle drinking, and a small boat: a bridge of a single arch, a village situated on a rocky eminence, some distant hills, and a groupe of three trees in the foreground, constitute the present landscape, in which Claude has painted that passage in the story of Hagar, where, upon her first flying from the habitation of Abraham, to avoid the severity of her mistress, she is ordered by an angel to return home."

The story is clearly told; Hagar having fled from the house of Abraham, is represented seated despondingly under a bush in the wilderness; an angel appears to her, and with her hands clasped beseechingly together, she looks up in his face. Her celestial visitor strengthens her with one hand, and with the other points to the distant abode of Abraham, and seems to be urging her to return to the shelter of his roof. The river, indeed, is broad, but there is both a boat and a bridge, nor is the journey seemingly a long one. The picture embodies four verses of the sixteenth chapter of Genesis.

"7. And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness—by the fountain in the way to Shur.

8. And he said, Hagar, Sarah's maid, whence

that they represent scenes where civilization has exerted its influence, where architecture has reared her temples, and nature, recalled from a state of unpruned wildness, is producing the pine-apple and the grape. This is only to say that he differs from some other painters: he had no sympathy in savage grandeur and rude magnificence; the terrible clouds of Wilson, and the immortal mountains of Poussin were not within the circle of his genius, his soul was with the lovely and the serene—with the rising and the setting suns of summer and harvest, when the hills are covered with flowers, and the smell of pressed grapes is in the land. We cannot look on his scenes and be unhappy: neither robberies nor murders are in keeping with the heavenly air of his hills and valleys, he desires not to remind us that wrong and injustice are in the world. his very storms are more agreeable than the sunshine of others, and the living creatures who are moistened with his gentle rains, receive them as a sort of benediction



# SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

## KEMBLE AS HAMLET.

THIS is a good specimen of the part real and part imaginative works of art so common in our English School. When questioned to what class the picture belonged Lawrence hesitated, and at last said, "I call it a half history picture." It may, however, be regarded as a portrait; in look, action, and dress, it is no more than Kemble was when he acted the part of the Prince of Denmark: all that belongs to the painter is the art which embodied it. Lawrence resolved to reach a grace above the art of mere portraiture; he sought for the philosophic Dane in the person of the great actor, and caught much of his stateliness and contemplative melancholy: the fine figure, the fine posture, and the graceful colouring pleased the multitude, and silenced, but did not satisfy, criticism.

In figures of this kind Reynolds loved to show the fascination of his colours; Barry, too, attempted them, and concealed penury of thought in extravagance of action; and much of the fame of Romney came from the same source—the lovely form of Lady Hamilton supplied him with what he had not

imagination to conceive, and while she condescended to sit for goddesses and nymphs the painter made beautiful pictures. Had Kemble not appeared as Hamlet, Lawrence probably would have refrained from evoking a Hamlet of the fancy from the pages of Shakspeare: the painter's genius was imitative rather than creative. There is a touch or so of poetry about this and other works of the "half history" kind; still they are portraits; nor do they bring high fame to the artist like productions of pure imagination. Here the painter is in the situation of the biographer: let the narrative be ever so true and characteristic, half the merit and more is ascribed to the subject:—such is the penalty which portrait limners and memoir writers must pay. The original of the engraving before us is now in the Gallery of His Majesty; we remember it in the possession of Mr. Chantrey, from whom it passed again into the hands of Lawrence, for, we believe, little or—nothing.

This very successful painter was born at Bristol on the fourth of May, 1769; he was the youngest of sixteen children, and the son of a man who had been attorney, exciseman, actor, farmer, and publican. One who knew Lawrence, when he was a child, said he had very bright eyes, and a voice melodious and sweet; his father, who at that time kept an inn at Devizes, turned his good looks and fine voice to advantage; he taught him to spout select passages from the poets for the entertainment of his customers.

Before he was five years old he had stood on a table and astonished the guests by reciting speeches from Milton, and odes from Collins ; this he did to please his father—to please himself he learned to draw likenesses—and he did this, though then very young, with so much skill, that some who did not chuse to hear his recitations, condescended to have their portraits taken by one, whom the newspapers of the day called the wonderful boy of Devizes.

When Lawrence was but ten years old his name had flown over the kingdom ; he had read scenes from Shakspeare in a way that called forth the praise of Garrick, and drawn faces and figures with such skill as had obtained the approbation of Prince Hoare ; his father, desirous of making the most of his talents, carried him to Oxford, where he was patronized by heads of colleges and noblemen of taste, and produced a number of portraits, wonderful in one so young and uninstructed. Money now came in ; he went to Bath, hired a house, raised his price from one guinea to two ; his *Mrs. Siddons as Zara* was engraved—Sir Henry Harpur desired to adopt him as his son—Prince Hoare saw something so angelic in his face, that he proposed to paint him in the character of Christ—and the artists of London heard with wonder of a boy who was rivalling their best efforts with the pencil, and realizing, as was imagined, a fortune.

Provincial reputation sometimes fails when tested in London ; Lawrence in his seventeenth year re-

solved to make the experiment; and, collecting his pencils, set up his easel in the metropolis—nor was the venture unsuccessful. His studio soon became the favourite resort of the fashionable and the fair; young ladies loved to have their looks recorded by one whom they called the handsome prodigy, nor did they like him the less for his fine drawing, his pleasing colours, and the graceful air with which he endowed all his portraits. Nor was he insensible of his own merit; when some eighteen years old or so he said, “excepting Sir Joshua Reynolds for the painting of a head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London.” This, as Gainsborough and Romney, and Hoppner and West, were then in full fame, was decided enough. The fascination of his manners had a good deal to do with his success; he talked himself as well as painted himself into reputation; he pleased his sitters by listening with polite deference to all their remarks, and he had the art of soothing them into the mood that suited his pencil by that indescribable sorcery of conversation which dealing in nothing original or profound, yet wins its way to the heart. “He recited passages from Milton,” said Fuseli, “very much like Belial, but deucedly unlike Belzebub.”

To relate the history of the works of Lawrence, would be to pronounce the names of all who were lovely or distinguished in England during a period of forty years. The King was so much pleased with

his manners and his talents, that he caused the rules of the Academy to be broken to admit him; the influence of the throne sent flocks of titled sitters to the studio of one whom His Majesty delighted to honour; and though eminent painters lived when he commenced, and others equally eminent arose during his career, it cannot be said with truth that his ascendancy was ever in danger, or that a rival eclipsed his brightness. Yet amid all his success he could not be called either fortunate or happy. He had, it is said, ungenerously violated some engagements of the heart in his youth, and was at times melancholy: and from whatever cause it arose, it is certain that wealth fell upon him as rain into a sieve; gold poured upon him as it never poured upon painter either before or since, and yet he was not only poor—he was embarrassed. He kept no splendid establishment; he gave no expensive dinners; he exacted high prices from his sitters, and was paid large sums by engravers for leave to work from his pictures; yet he lived from hand to mouth, and died in debt. His health had been for some time declining: his looks were faded, and he had lost something of his uncommon brightness of eye when we had the pleasure of seeing him last. He died at his house in Russell Square, on the seventeenth of January, 1830, in the sixty-first year of his age.

The fame of Sir Thomas Lawrence arises chiefly from the fascination of his female portraits; his



male heads are less manly than those of Reynolds, and want force of expression. The eyes of his ladies have perhaps never been equalled for liquid brilliancy, and that light which is of heaven. Fuseli swore his eyes were equal to those of Titian—the force of praise could no further go. His colouring has been reproached with feebleness; his drawing with lack of vigour; nor have critics been wanting who perceived something unholy in the looks of his ladies. “Phillips shall paint my wife, and Lawrence shall paint my mistress,” is an expression imputed to a witty poet. He tried the historic. “The Satan,” he said, “answered my secret motives in attempting it; my success in portraits will no longer be thought accident or fortune; and if I have trod the path with honour it is because my limbs are strong. My claims are acknowledged by the circle of taste, and are undisputed by competitors and rivals.”



# BENVENUTO GAROFALO.

## VISION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

THIS fine picture is the offspring of a devout legend. It is related that St. Augustine having been for some time engaged in an attempt to render the doctrine of the Trinity familiar to ordinary understandings, was warned by a vision to desist. He had retired, it seems, to the solitude of the wild sea-shore, and was in the midst of his meditations when he observed a more than earthly child, seated nigh him, pouring water from the sea into a small hole in the sand. The saint understood the rebuke, and gave up his meditations, *for he concluded that he might as well hope to empty the ocean into a mole-hole as reach the height of that sublime mystery.* It is added, that he was nothing pleased with the interruption, and felt much inclined to rebuke the warning angel; something of this feeling is impressed upon the picture.

A good judge has supposed that the painter in producing this picture, obeyed rather the instructions of some patron than the impulse of his own genius. The figure of St. Lawrence in the distance, the Holy Family above, and the St. Catherine

beneath, are, he thinks, all superfluous. This is a matter of taste; certainly the Holy Family adds largely to the magnificence of the scene; the St. Catherine might have been spared. "The figure of St. Augustine," observes Ottley, "dressed in the robes of Episcopacy, is simple and dignified. His pen is in his hand, and he turns towards his infant monitor, listening with no great share of complacency to the sentence which discourages him from proceeding in a work on which he has bestowed so much pains. The modest figure of St. Catherine stands behind. The sober tint of her vestment is well contrasted with the rich crimson of his mantle, and by being kept, in great part, in shadow, produces in union with the dark parts of the rocky landscape, and the foreground, a broad, deep mass, which gives increased importance to his figure, and throws it out with great effect. The magnificent representation of the Holy Family, seated above, in the clouds, and attended by the celestial host, is beyond all praise. Equal in elegance to the most admired performances of Parmigianino, is the varied and well contrasted groupe of angels, playing on musical instruments: whilst the larger figure of the Madonna possesses an imposing dignity, joined to a beauty of character, of which the productions of modern art offer few parallel examples; the whole abundantly testifying the advantage which the artist derived during his stay at Rome, from the contemplation of the sublime remains of ancient

sculpture." It may be added, that the landscape is a grand one; the quiet sea, and the abrupt and rocky shore, harmonize well with the sentiment; the colouring is a splendid specimen of the old School of Ferrara. The dimensions of the picture are two feet eight inches long, by two feet and an inch high, it formerly belonged to the Carsini Palace at Rome, was purchased by the Rev. Holwell Carr, and now graces the walls of our National Gallery.

Benvenuto Tisi, or, as he is generally called, Il Garofalo, has been frequently confounded with an artist, who flourished during the same period, named Gio. Batista Benvenuti, a native of Garofalo, and from his father's occupation denominated Ortolano, the gardener. The former was the most eminent; he was born of a good family at Ferrara, in the year 1481, and obtained the name of Garofalo from generally painting a gilliflower, some say a violet, in the corner of his pictures. He first studied painting under Domenico Panetti, he then became a pupil of Boccaccino Boccaccini, at Cremona, and remained with him two years. At the age of nineteen he went to Rome, and studied most of the day and not a little of the night, under Giovanni Baldini, the Florentine, we find him next in Mantua, with Lorenzo Costa; after two years study he returned to Rome, where his genius acquired for him the friendship of Raffaele, who instructed him in the true principles of designing and colouring. We are thus particular

for the purpose of shewing young painters the propriety of studying under various masters, and the necessity of preserving at the same time their own natural and original style like Garofalo.

In the year 1507, this eminent painter returned to Ferrara; his fame followed him from Rome, and the Duke employed him on some national pictures, which his biographers say were executed in the noblest style of art. "He imitated Raffaele in design," says Lanzi, "in the character of his faces, and in expression, and considerably also in his colouring, although he added something of a warmer and stronger cast, derived from his own school. Rome, Bologna, and other cities of Italy, abound with his pictures from the Lives of the Apostles. They are of various merit, and are not wholly painted by himself. In his large pictures he stands more alone, and many of these are to be found in the Chigi Gallery. The Visitation in the Palazzo Doria, is one of the first pieces in that rich collection. This artist, in allusion to his name, was accustomed to mark his pictures with a violet, which the common people in Italy call garofalo. It does not appear that he had any share in the works which were executed by Raffaele and his scholars."

These remarks of Lanzi, are supported, it is said, by that noble painting of the Raising of Lazarus, from the pencil of Garofalo, in the Chapel of the Church of St. Francis, at Ferrara; and also his picture of the Murder of the Innocents, in the

same place. The attitudes, the grouping, and the expression, are said to be so admirable that both compositions might be mistaken for the work of Raffaele, were it not for the warmer glow of colour which distinguishes the painter of Ferrara. The most exquisite of his productions is, however, said to be the Adoration of the Magi, in the Church of St. George, in his native place ; at least, to this picture, his rising into notice is imputed, and it is supposed to have brought him more commissions than he could well execute. His chief patrons seem to have been churchmen ; for his best and largest pictures are of a devout character. He was, in fact, a commentator on the New Testament, and strove, by his splendid designs, to explain the mysteries of the Christian religion to the multitude. He succeeded, as other artists succeeded ; his interpretations were acceptable till printing and the reformation brought the light of knowledge to the nations and men grew content with the written, instead of the painted word.

Garofalo lived honoured in his native land to a good old age. He had the misfortune to lose the sight of one of his eyes, yet he painted with as much *delicacy and spirit as ever* ; in his sixty-ninth year he became totally blind, and his chief enjoyment arose from the company and conversation of his friends. He survived the loss of his sight nine years, and died in 1559. His pictures, particularly his small ones, are very rare, and are scarcely to be

found, save in the Galleries of Italy; they never appear at sales; the warmth of the colouring renders them difficult of imitation; few of the makers of simulated articles have succeeded in manufacturing "Garofalos." In accuracy of drawing, elegance of grouping, and calm vigour of expression, he is said to do all but equal Raffaele; his shadows are deeper, and his colouring is more glowing. He approaches the head of the Roman School, in the propriety and unity of his compositions; and for this his works might be studied by all who desire to tell a story, either holy or profane, on canvas. He painted landscapes also; two are in the Palazzo Zampieri at Bologna; they are said to be conceived in fine taste, and with abundance of force, but too dark. The scenes of some of his scripture paintings incline to the same character; the rock-crowned hills, and the sea, and sky of the picture before us are darker than seems consistent with heavenly visitants. This was for the purpose of making his Holy Family flash out on the spectator, and this he has accomplished, but not without sacrificing somewhat the relative harmony of the various parts.





## PARMEGIANO.

### VIRGIN AND CHILD.

A curious and not uninteresting volume might be written on the adventures of works of art. The polished people of Greece little imagined that their gods and goddesses would be carried into captivity by the barbarians of the north, by men despising them as idols, but admiring them as efforts of genius. To come nearer our own day, the effeminate inhabitants of Italy never, perhaps, for a moment supposed that an invader would come upon them, coveting their wealth less than their works of art; and still less probably did that most tasteful of all conquerors surmise that he should live to see his magnificent collection of pictures dispersed; many, but not all, finding the way to their original owners. Among the pictures which returned not to their proper proprietors, is the one before us, the *Virgin and Child*, by Parmegiano. When the French army entered Naples, this truly beautiful work was seized along with many others, cut out of its frame, and sent to Paris. In the lapse of time the arms of the allies performed the part of an auctioneer's hammer to the pictures of Napoleon—the *Virgin*

and Child left Paris, but did not find the road to Italy; it is now in the very select collection of John Slater, Esq.

The following description of this fine work is written by Sir Robert Strange, who admired, and it is believed engraved it. "This picture was shewn to me at Naples, as representing the portrait of the favourite of the painter, but whether it is so, or is only an ideal head of the Madonna, I shall not decide. The mother gently feels with her finger the teeth of the child; the head of the latter is much in the style of Correggio, and the head and hand of the mother are both elegant and graceful; indeed, the works of Parmegiano abound with grace." To this we may add, that though the halo round the head of the mother indicates divinity, yet the action of her hand, the anxiety of her eye, and the peculiar look of the child, unite them closely to domestic life, and give them a place in our affections. Had the painter bestowed a little more of celestial sentiment and hue he would have raised his work out of the region of human sympathy—made a grander, but a less touching picture.

Of this great artist much has been said and written. Francesco Mazzuoli called Parmegiano or Parmigianino, was born at Parma, in the year 1503, his father died when he was very young, and his uncles, both skilful artists, instructed him in painting, and directed him to the contemplation of the works of Raffaele. This he did with such success,

that at the age of sixteen he produced some noble works both in fresco and oil ; he then told his friends that he wished to visit Rome ; they supplied him with money and with advice, and he set out for the eternal city. There he made the antique statues his chief study, though he did not neglect to look at Raffaele, and the wondrous works of Michael Angelo. His compositions attracted the notice of Pope Clement VII., who employed him largely ; he was sensible of this kindness, and painted a *Circumcision* as a present to his Holiness, which artists contemplated with astonishment. The composition was not only of the highest kind, but the artist had admitted three different lights without disturbing the general harmony of the picture. " The light," says one of his biographers, " diffused on the principal figure was from the irradiation of the infant Jesus ; the second was illuminated by a torch carried by one who attended the sacrifice ; the others in the open air were enlightened by the early dawn, which showed a lovely landscape diversified with a number of cottages and villas."

It is related that when the soldiers of the Constable Bourbon stormed and sacked Rome some of them burst in upon Parmegiano, who was too intent on his studies to regard passing events, his composure, together with the great beauty of his compositions, awed, it is said, the rude soldiers for a time ; they looked and marvelled, till one less tasteful than his

comrades commenced plundering, and they all fell on and stript the painter of his property.

“The prevailing character,” says Lanzi, “in which this artist greatly shone was grace of manner; a grace which won for him at Rome that most flattering of all eulogies, that the spirit of Raffaele had passed into Parmigianino. Among his designs are to be seen repeated specimens of the same figure, drawn for the sake of reaching the highest degree of grace in the person, in the attitudes, and in the lightness of his drapery, in which he is admirable.” His proportions have been censured as inclining to the lengthy: and his colouring has been accused of being graceful rather than glowing. His celebrated Madonna is long in body and long in the fingers, and has been called the long-necked Madonna, for the same reason as the Townleyan Venus is called the long-sided Venus. The sentiment of his compositions prevails over all defects, and has raised the name of Parmegiano high among the children of genius. He died of a fever in 1540.



butes the parts which he desires them to act in his humble drama, and concludes by producing something infinitely superior to the raw materials which supplied the hint. Ordinary eyes would see the poet's mistress and the painter's group without perceiving the elements of song or of painting about them: nay, we may admit that to other eyes than those of the inspired, the former might seem much of a broomstick, and the latter gross heavy clods of the valley. Nature in this way presents the raw material to genius, and, save for the portrait painter, never produces a finished article which can be copied literally without modification. This is all we mean by saying that the delineations of the painter are not faithful transcripts from nature.

It is related of Teniers that he loved to frequent market-places, where bargains were going on and merry-makings, where nature had fair play, and men did what was right in their own eyes. This was for the sake of observing character and making sketches of those odd yet picturesque postures, which men unconsciously take where there is no constraint, and hand and tongue have full license. The picture before us confirms the account of the biographer: it smacks of the market-place where sharp bargains are struck, and represents the farm-yard of a husbandman—with open sheds and hacks for cattle and pens for holding swine. The proprietor, an old man, grey-headed, covetous but not clever, has been showing the tenants of his sty to a purchaser young

and shrewd, and is submitting, rather than agreeing to a bargain which the other is concluding with him. A third acts as umpire, and looking in the young pig-dealer's face seems to say "Don't take in a man who might be your grandfather." The pigs are latched up in the pen and are probably lending a grunting accompaniment to the earnest clamour of tongues deciding upon their fate.

This picture has been pronounced by judges, a study from nature freely painted, with much force of character and effect, in the clear silvery manner of the artist. The young bargain-maker is supposed to be Teniers himself, for the resemblance is not little; the old husbandman was copied from his gardener, a personage found in other pictures of the artist; the third figure is believed to be another of his domestics, and is introduced as a witness of the compact, according to the usage of thrifty and suspicious Holland. The figures are of larger size than usual in the cabinet pictures of Teniers; and from the free manner in which they are handled are believed to have been dashed off at one heat of the fancy. The picture is in the collection of John Slater, Esq.

The works of Teniers are numerous in this country—and their worth has been fully felt. His vivid colouring; his lively and humorous presentations of character; his droll and sprightly delineations of scenes of humble life; unite in making him welcome to English taste which has ever inclined



more to the domestic than to the historical. In all collections which are considered complete, Teniers is to be found: he cannot be said to have many followers here; for though we incline much to merriment and joviality, we have also serious moods, and the painter who desires to hold the mirror up to Old England, must mix the serious with the comic, and the pathetic with the humorous—things sad with things ludicrous—as they are in Shakspeare and Burns—and in nature.



# LEONARDO DA VINCI.

## CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS.

THIS fine picture was bequeathed to the nation by the Rev. William Holwell Carr, and though some critics surmise that it is not from the hand of Da Vinci, but wrought by a gifted pupil from his drawings, it has ever ranked high as a work of art, and is certainly an admirable specimen of the tranquil power of the great painter. The heads are stamped with individuality of character; the necks and hands are drawn with great knowledge of outline; the foldings of the draperies are natural and simple, and the whole is richly coloured, and finished with consummate delicacy. Those who say it is deficient in energy of character, forget that a calm godlike grandeur is the ruling sentiment in all that we know of the Saviour. The artist has felt this, and embodied it with his usual felicity: muscular vigour, and the energy of action, would be unbecoming a being so gentle and divine; this calmness has been called coldness by some who love violent action in the body, and a head thinking with all its might till thought seems painful.

Leonardo da Vinci was a natural son of Pietro, a Florentine notary; Durazzini, in his panegyrics on illustrious Tuscans, fixes his birth in the year 1450, but eloquence has been compelled to yield to fact; he was born, according to the registry, in 1452, in Lower Valdarno, in Tuscany. Nature endowed him with a genius elevated and penetrating; he was one of those rare men fitted to excel in many pursuits; he was not only a painter, but he wrote himself mathematician, mechanic, musician, and poet; he excelled also in all genteel accomplishments—he was admired for his dancing, his fencing, and his horsemanship. “He was so perfect in all,” says Lanzi, “that when he performed any one, the beholder was ready to imagine that it must have been his sole study. To vigour of intellect, he joined an elegance of features, and of manners that graced the virtues of his mind; he was affable with strangers, with citizens, with private individuals, and with princes he lived on a footing of familiarity and friendship.” To do all this cost him no effort; his birth was humble, but his mind ranked with the highest.

He began his studies in art early; Verrochio taught him painting; that he soon excelled his master has been admitted by all his biographers, but they have not all remarked, as Lanzi has done, that like his teacher he designed more readily than he painted; this is true of him through life. He studied mathematics and sculpture; the former gave

him a knowledge of quantity, the latter of outline; he prized elegance more than dignity, and calm tranquil expression more than passionate action. He studied art through nature; the horses of his pictures and models were found in his own stables; he represented them in motion, for he knew they could not think, and held with the old writer, that the three noblest sights in the world, are a man thinking, an eagle flying, and a horse at full speed. As a sculptor his merits are of a high order; his statue of St. Thomas is worthy of being named with some of his pictures; and the horse in the church of St. John and St. Paul at Venice, and the three statues cast in bronze from the models by Rustici for the church of St. John at Florence, have been commended for their perfect relief and roundness, their grace of action, and truth of expression. As a painter he ranks with the highest; his lofty thoughts, his fine proportions, his calm grace, and his truth of conception have perhaps never been surpassed; yet there is visible in his compositions, as Mariette has remarked, something of the meanness of the old school, which connects him with the past and the present in painting.

The life of Da Vinci may be divided into four periods: the first includes the time of his youth, and his stay in Florence. To this era may be referred some of his least perfect compositions in which the lessons of Verrochio are said to be visible. The characters are not so fully developed, the

shadows so natural, nor the draperies so simple and elegant as in his maturer works. A Christ produced by his pencil in those days, reminds us of the gothic school. The child lies on a bed richly ornamented, attired in a magnificent dress, and covered with pearls and precious stones. The second period carries the painter to Milan, where he astonished Lodovico Sforza less by his pencil, than by his performance on the lyre ; a curious new instrument, chiefly of silver, fashioned by his own hand. The envy of the musicians of Milan was awakened ; they challenged him to a public contest, where they were not only vanquished

On the ten-stringed instrument  
And on the psaltery,

but were compelled to acknowledge that the eloquence of his conversation, and the originality of his extemporaneous poetry, were alike unrivalled. The third period brings Da Vinci back to Florence, and is associated with some of his happiest works. To his second residence in his native city we owe that portrait of Mona Lisa, which was the labour of four years, and is still unfinished ; the cartoon of St. Anna, prepared for a picture in the church of the Servi ; and that still more celebrated cartoon of the battle of Niccolo Piccinino, intended to dispute the palm of excellence with Michael Angelo. Another picture assigned to this period is a Holy Family, lost during the sack of Milan, but which after many

vicissitudes made its appearance in Russia. In the back-ground, is a woman, or rather an angel, of a beautiful and majestic countenance, standing in an upright position. It bears the cipher of Leonardo ; a D interlaced with an L and a V, as seen in the picture of the Signori Sansitali, at Parma. The visit of Da Vinci to Rome, where his stay was short ; or his professional journey to Paris where he died suddenly before he had been able to display the fascinations of his pencil, may be named as the fourth period of the painter. The repose of old age was denied him ; the rising genius of Michael Angelo seems to have disturbed him too much ; the latter, animated by genius, and eager after distinction, executed his commissions with astonishing rapidity, while Da Vinci, slow, fastidious and procrastinating, was willing to begin and loth to finish. Vasari says, the former gave the world works while the latter amused them with words.

“ He had two styles,” says Lanzi, “ the one abounded in shadow, which gives admirable brilliancy to the contrasting lights ; the other was more quiet, and managed by means of middle tints. In each style the grace of his design, the expression of *the mental affections, and the delicacy of his pencil* are unrivalled. Every thing is lively in his paintings ; the foreground, the landscape, the adventitious ornaments of necklaces, flowers and architecture : but this gaiety is more apparent in the heads. In these he purposely repeats the same idea and gives them

a dawning smile which delights the mind of the spectator. He did not consider any of his pictures complete, but from a singular timidity often left them imperfect. He was never pleased with his labours if he did not execute them as perfectly as he had conceived them, and being unable to reach the high point proposed with a mortal hand, he sometimes only designed his work, or carried it to a certain state of completion. Sometimes he devoted to it so long a period as almost to renew the example of the ancient, who employed seven years over his picture." But works which seemed imperfect to Leonardo da Vinci have been accepted as finished by the world: his conceptions were too noble for his hand to embody, and as he never pleased himself he called his pictures imperfect. Even his Last Supper he regarded incomplete, though all history agrees in celebrating it as one of the most masterly of human works. He established the Milanese School, and by his investigations as well as his pictures, gave a philosophical dignity to painting, which was consummated by the pencil of Raphael.





## FRANCIS MIERIS.

### A DUTCH ALE-HOUSE.

THIS fine picture, the work of Francis Mieris, has been for some time in England ; it was purchased from the well-known collection of Mr. Parke, of Dean Street, by John Slater, Esq. and is distinguished among his pictures by its marked peculiarity of character and the elaborate elegance of its finishing. It represents the interior of a Dutch Cabaret or Ale-house ; the owner, a substantial sort of person, with a warm fur cap, a close buttoned doublet, and the everlasting pipe in his left hand, is called upon by his daughter, a plump well favoured girl, to decide upon the merit of a new opened cask of ale. He holds the glass, with the sample, between him and the light ; a sort of doubt or hesitation is dawning upon his face ; another moment and he shakes his head and condemns it as weak in malt and strong in water ; brewed at the rate of a handful of barley to a hogshead of the pure element. He presses his forefinger on his pipe to keep it fit for his lips ; a bird-cage hangs at one side of his window to show that he loves a song ; a vine creeps up at the other to intimate that he is not averse to

wine, while dried fish suspended from the window-sill seem plainly to say that he is a dealer in food as well as in drink. The picture is a fair specimen of the Dutch School, where much is made out of little, and scenes which please the world are manufactured from the ordinary pursuits of life.

A brief account of the painter may not be uninteresting. Francis Mieris was born at Leyden, in 1635, he studied with Vliet, one of the ablest artists of the Low Countries, and afterwards under Gerard Douw, whose taste and talent were nearly akin to his own. Under his second master he soon surpassed all other students, and was called by Gerard the prince of his disciples. From the studies of Douw he went to that of nature, and acquitted himself so wisely and so well, that he soon became distinguished for an unusual sweetness of colouring; a neat and delicate touch, a correctness of drawing which none of his masters could teach, and a singular transparency, combined with wonderful force and freshness.

The merits of Mieris attracted the eye of Reynolds on his visit to the Low Country Galleries, and he ranks him seventh on the list of those whom he reckons excellent in their kind. His notice of the painter is of the briefest. In Hope's Gallery in Amsterdam, he saw "an old man by Mieris, with a glass of wine and shrimps on the table; a woman behind, scoring the reckoning; a fiddle lying in the window." And in the Gallery of the Prince of

Orange he noticed "A picture of Dutch Gallantry, by Mieris ; a man pinching the ear of a dog, which lies on his mistress's lap." The heart of Reynolds was with the Historic School ; his hand was with the Portrait one ; and he had no sympathy for works which displayed little imagination, and which he considered remarkable chiefly for the science displayed in the execution. He could render no account, he observed, of the Dutch pictures, but such as would be barren of entertainment. "One would wish," he says, "to be able to convey to the reader some idea of that excellence, the sight of which has afforded so much pleasure ; but as their merit often consists in the truth of representation alone, whatever praise they deserve, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye, they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed." This last sentiment has been applied to all paintings, by Johnson ; but it is true neither in reference to the Italian, the Dutch, nor the English Schools ; wherever human action is represented, human thought is awakened by the contemplation. Take one of the pictures of Mieris for instance, as described by Sir Joshua, "A man pinching the ear of a dog which lies in his mistress's lap." The moment we look we begin to consider what the man's object can be ; conjecture is busy, and we are not satisfied till we have assigned a reason for the pinching of the lap-dog's ear.

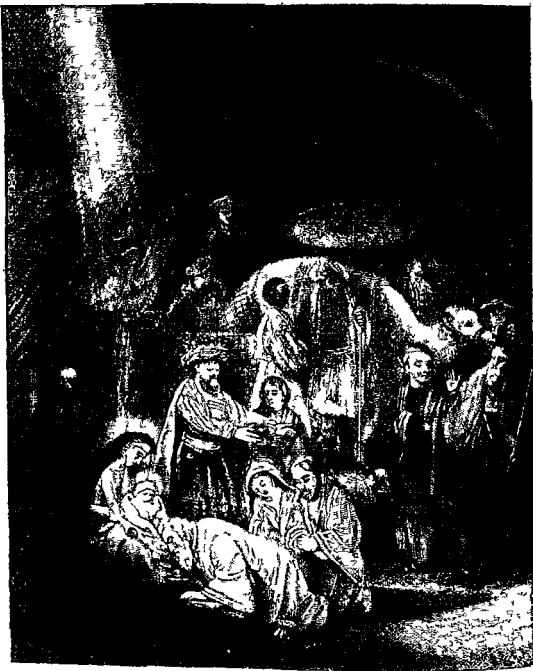
By several judges Mieris is reckoned superior to Gerard Douw, in vigour of design and accuracy of drawing; he stands below him in the lists of Reynolds. His pictures here are high-priced and rare, nor are they numerous in Holland: he excelled in conversation-pieces; in the painting of silks and velvets, and was such a master in imitation, that the different kinds and the fabric of the cloth might easily be distinguished. He painted many portraits, he was fond of delineating persons performing on musical instruments; patients attended by the doctors; chemists at work in the laboratory; mercers exhibiting their silks and satins to fastidious ladies; and, in short, he found a subject in all domestic matters, and handled the most difficult things with equal discretion and effect. When any one wished to purchase a picture from him, he turned to his books and multiplying the time he had taken to paint it by a ducat per hour, made the result the price. This mechanical mode of valuation was pronounced by many, unjust. The pictures soonest done are sometimes done most happily, while those on which much time is expended may be cold and laboured. He stuck to his system and found it profitable.

Mieris was a considerate and generous man. Houbraken relates an incident in his life much to his honour, and illustrative of his character. "He had conceived a real friendship for Jan Steen, and delighted in his company, though he was by no

means so fond of drinking freely as Jan was accustomed to do every evening at the tavern. Notwithstanding this he often passed whole nights with his friend in a joyous manner, and frequently returned very late to his lodgings. One evening, when it was very dark, and almost midnight, as Mieris strolled home from the tavern, he unluckily fell into the common sewer, which had been opened for the purpose of being cleansed, and the workmen had left it unguarded. There he must have perished, if a cobbler and his wife who worked in a neighbouring stall had not heard his cries and instantly ran to his relief. Having extricated Mieris they took all possible care of him, and procured the best refreshments in their power. The next morning, the painter having thanked his preservers, took his leave, but particularly remarked the house that he might know it again. The poor people were totally ignorant of the person who had been relieved by them, but Mieris had too grateful a spirit to forget his benefactors, and having painted a picture in his best manner, he brought it to the cobbler and his wife, telling them it was a present from the person whose life they had contributed to save, and desired them to carry it to his friend Cornelius Plaats, who would give them the full value for it. The woman unacquainted with the real worth of the present, concluded she might receive a moderate gratuity for the picture, but her

astonishment was inexpressible when she received the sum of eight hundred florins."

Mieris had two sons, John and William, both of whom obtained distinction as painters; the former died early, but the latter lived to a good old age, and in his pencilling, and harmony and delicacy of finish, all but rivalled his father. Among the chief works of the elder Mieris is reckoned the portrait of the wife of Cornelius Plaats; large and tempting sums have been offered for it in vain. Another of his best pictures represents a lady fainting, and a physician applying remedies to relieve her: the painter's price for it was fifteen hundred florins; the Grand Duke of Tuscany afterwards offered three thousand, but money could not purchase it, he procured a fine work instead, a girl holding a candle in her hand, considered by many inestimable. He died in 1681, aged forty-six years.





# VAN RYN REMBRANDT.

## THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

POEMS lose something of their peculiar excellence in the hands of the most accomplished translators: the same may be said of pictures—the most skilful engravers cannot well reproduce them without an abatement of their beauty. This is true of the works of Rembrandt: the vivid force of his light and shade, and the pith and originality of his characters, conceal defects in proportion or detail, which become visible when the charm of his colouring is withdrawn.—Though the glory of the colouring is eclipsed, expression belongs as much to the graver as to the pencil; and this will ever maintain, even in prints, the fame of Rembrandt: for though not without equals, few or none have surpassed him in impressing mind upon his productions. We are not sure that he is popular in England: his boldness and happy extravagance alarm the timid, and dispose those with souls, spell-bound by the proprieties of art, to talk of him rather as a meteor of painting than a fixed light.

Rembrandt was born in a little village near Leyden, in the year 1606; his father was a miller, and

the young artist is imagined to have taken the hint of his singular light and shade from the sunshine streaming through the mill-wickets among the moving and dusty machinery ; others ascribe his love of strong contrasts to his studies under Jacob Pinas, whose works had a touch of the extravagant, and through that recommended themselves to young and uncultivated minds. How a love of art came upon him no one has told us. We are not, however, left in the dark respecting his change of name ; the church baptized him Gerretsz : but as he spent most of his youth on the banks of the Rhine, the world, when he began to be distinguished, called him Van Ryn, and by that name he is now known wherever art is admired.

Though he studied under several masters, he accepted of them only as guides in mechanical execution : in all other matters he resolved to think for himself. He took nature for his instructress, and in her company mused on wild sea shores, caverned glens, ruined towers, and all such scenes as caught his young eye or affected his fancy : nor was he slow in finding suitable inhabitants for his landscapes ; his imagination readily peopled them with savage banditti, gloomy saints, and other " cankers of a calm world and a long peace." Though careless about the graceful or the beautiful, he loved the stern and the grand ; with a touch of the " savage Rosa" in his taste, he sympathized largely with nature, and enjoyed the ludicrous as

well as the solemn, the tender as well as the stern. Yet in all these matters he neither felt nor acted like other artists; he looked on all through the medium of a light, startling though natural, and had colours ready to embody the vivid hues his fancy conceived: whatever he touched rose into light; out of common things he produced striking pictures: give him an old house, a stream of water and a mill-wheel, and he could work wonders.

For some time his labours were unprofitable. Rembrandt, like other young artists, had to discipline his hand and bring order among the creations of his fancy before he could hope for fame and patrons. A sensible friend, it is said, advised him to quit his country village, and try his fortune at the Hague. He did so; a dealer, a righteous one, offered him a hundred florins for an early picture, the first one he saw. This opened Rembrandt's eyes to his own merit. Purchasers flocked to the studio of an artist whose works bore a new impress of thought upon them, and who had daringly broke through all rules save those of nature. From the Hague he moved to Amsterdam, where he found his fame already high; all his pictures were purchased at large prices, as fast as he could paint them, and the sons of wealthy men, smit with the double desire of riches and distinction, were eager to be numbered among his pupils. Nor was this eminent man insensible to the advantages of wealth; he was a citizen of a commercial community, where

much is weighed in a golden balance. That he exacted one hundred florins a year from each pupil has been ascribed to avarice, but the imputation cannot be sustained on such grounds. He, however, touched up with his own pencil such copies as his pupils made from his works, and sold them—sometimes it is said—as his own, and obtained considerable sums by this adroit management. His income was augmented, too, by what one of his biographers calls the artful way in which he sold his etchings. It is difficult to determine, from such vague expressions, the extent of the painter's culpability. A man of genius should be above all that is sordid; yet he has a right to make as much as he honestly can by his talents. He who paints a picture, and demands a high price for it, may be accused of overrating his abilities—but as he compels no one to purchase it, he cannot be charged with imposing upon the world. Paintings are not the necessities of life, and the highest price they can fetch is, for the time, the right price.

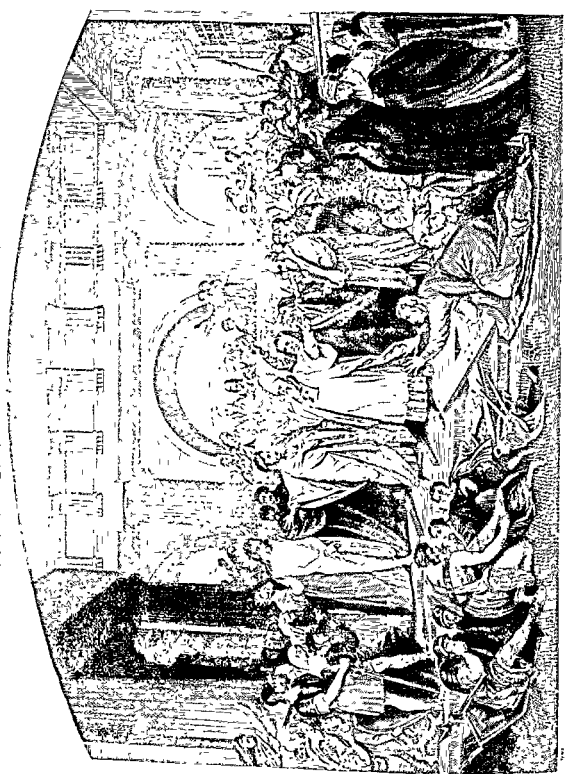
He refused to confine his talents to domestic painting—he tried the historic; and as scripture subjects were mostly in demand, he dashed off, in an inconceivably short time, Ahasuerus, Esther and Haman, the Woman taken in Adultery and St. John Preaching in the Wilderness. Though rapidly done, these pictures are exquisitely finished; but then the finishing of Rembrandt was not accomplished by innumerable and timid touches, but by a hand which

had acquired mastery in the calling by long practice, and by the confidence which genius and fame confer. His skill in handling a subject was not greater than his perception of human character. Some of his portraits cease to be external resemblances only; they take their place among the ideal or historic; we never ask the name of the individual as we gaze; we see before us the representative of a passion or of a class, and are content. That his drawing is sometimes out of proportion—that the antique was exhibited before his eyes in vain—that he wanted poetic elevation of thought—and loved what was gross rather than what was elegant—are charges brought against him by critics and biographers; and they may be all answered in a word—his powers of expression and happy vigour of light and shade triumphed over all deficiencies.

Hazlitt felt strongly and expressed happily the merits of Rembrandt. The picture of a Man with a Hawk, in the Grosvenor Gallery, haunted him on his way home. "What is the difference," he asks, "between this idea, which we have brought away with us, and the picture on the wall? Has it lost any of its tone—its ease—its depth? The head turns round in the same graceful moving attitude; the eye carelessly meets ours; the tufted beard grows to the chin; the hawk flutters and balances himself on his favourite perch, his master's hand—and a shadow seems passing over the picture, just leaving a light in one corner of it behind, to give a

livelier effect to the whole. There is no mark of the pencil, no jagged points or solid masses—it is all air, and twilight might be supposed to have drawn his veil across it. There are no means employed, as far as you can discover; you see nothing but a simple, grand, and natural effect." The pictures of this great master are numerous and of high value; his prints are also plentiful, and bring large prices. He died at Amsterdam, in the year 1674. His memory is charged with love of money, and a fondness for low company. Of his merits as a painter there cannot well be two opinions.

The Adoration of the Magi belongs to the Collection of His Majesty. The subject requires no explanation; it is handled, in many parts, in the happiest manner of the painter: it also exhibits some of his defects. The unity of the composition is remarkable, but some of the figures are out of proportion, and deficient in dignity.



## BENJAMIN WEST.

### CHRIST REJECTED.

THE genius of Benjamin West was of the quiet, calm kind; he had little passion and little energy; nor did he share largely of that grandeur of soul which distinguished Raphael and other great masters in the calling. He was, however, inferior to none in the art of telling a story on canvas; whatever he desired to impart was related with a clearness and precision which required no interpreter; he was no painter of splendid conundrums or magnificent riddles. He was a skilful draughtsman, or, in other words, was well acquainted with the proportions of the human form, and rarely erred either in unity of parts or in connecting all the groups of his largest pictures by the sympathy of one ruling sentiment. The picture of *Christ Rejected* will support most of our assertions.

The object of the painter was to show Jesus rejected by the Jewish High Priest, the Elders, and the people of Jerusalem, when brought before Pontius Pilate. The Roman has said, "I find no fault in this man wherewith you accuse him;" and the accusers are answering, "We have a law, and



by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God ; therefore away with him, and crucify him." On the right side of the picture are the Roman soldiers, with Christ in their custody ; the centurion, their commander, is pondering on the awful crisis. Next to the soldiers stands our Saviour, with something of divine composure in his looks—a consciousness of his approaching atonement seems to be present to his mind. Pilate is soliciting the rulers and people in his behalf ; but the High Priest stretches out his arms, and, with much bitterness of feeling, exclaims, " Away with him ! " Behind the High Priest is a throng of persons, all expressing hatred of Christ, and insulting him with looks, gestures, and language. In the front of these is Joseph of Arimathea, with James, the less, and St. Peter, who, filled with remorse for having denied his Saviour, " went out and wept bitterly." In the middle of the foreground is Mary Magdalen mourning on the fatal cross ; near her is the third Mary and the pious women from Galilee, to whom our Saviour said, " Weep not for me, ye daughters of Israel." " It was Mr. West's aim, in the delineation of this subject," these are the words of his catalogue, " to excite feelings in the spectator similar to those produced by a perusal of the sacred texts, which so pathetically describe those awful events. As part of the means for accomplishing this end, several incidents, which were in connexion with the main circumstance, were introduced to contrast

with the meekness and sufferings of the 'Man of Sorrows,' and to show the simplicity and purity of the Gospel dispensation in opposition to the gaudy and earthly objects of the Heathen and Jewish systems. The delineation of nearly the whole scale of human passions, from the basest to those which partake most of the divine nature, has thus been necessarily attempted." The original picture belongs to Lord Darnley.

Benjamin West, the son of John West and Sarah Pearson, was born at Springfield, in the State of Pennsylvania, North America, on the 10th of October, 1733. His mother, 'it seems, had gone to hear one Edward Peckover preach about the sinfulness of the Old World and the spotlessness of the New, and, terrified and overcome by the earnest eloquence of the enthusiast, she shrieked aloud, was carried home, and, in the midst of agitation and terror was safely delivered of the future President of the Royal Academy. When the preacher was told of this he rejoiced, "Note that child," said he, "for he has come into the world in a remarkable way, and will assuredly prove a wonderful man." The child prospered, and when seven years old began to fulfil the prediction of the preacher. He was set to rock the cradle of his sister's child, and was so struck with the beauty of the slumbering babe, that he sought a sheet of paper, and drew its features in red and black ink. "I declare," cried his astonished sister, "he has made a likeness of little Sally."

He was next noticed by a party of wild Indians, who, pleased with the sketches which Benjamin had made of birds and flowers, taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they stained their weapons; to these his mother added indigo, and thus he obtained the three primary colours.

In those days America had no academies, nor even teachers of the mysteries of art. West had, therefore, the task of educating himself—and he seems to have set about it in a way at once original and brief. He looked at prints and he looked at nature—and, making the one correct and animate the other, he succeeded in forming figures and groups, which his wondering relatives called historical or scriptural pictures. He also tried the effect of letting light drop on an object through a small aperture, and thus acquired a knowledge in light and shade. He persuaded some of his neighbours to sit for their portraits, and so obtained some mastery in character, while of all strangers he inquired about pictures and the art of working in oils, and made many experiments in pencils and colours.

It was soon rumoured about that the son of John West was afflicted with a strange passion for painting, and a meeting of the "Friends" was held to consider whether this was to be regarded as a blessing or a visitation of Providence. The spirit of speech came strong on one John Williamson; "A man child has been born," he said, "on whom

God has bestowed some remarkable gifts of mind ; and you have all heard that, through something amounting to inspiration, the youth has been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind ; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth genius for art ! Shall we question his wisdom ? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts but for a wise and good purpose ? I see the divine hand in this. We shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth."

The result of these communings and forebodings is known to the world. West, having made some progress with the pencil in his native land, went to Rome, where he was soon noticed not only for his skill in portraiture, but for his historical compositions. On his way back to America he wandered to London, and was persuaded by some of his countrymen to set up his easel in a rich land, where sitters for portraits and purchasers of pictures abounded. Fortunately for West, a strong though not a permanent love for historical painting had come upon the English people. He saw and profited by this. A divine was charmed with his felicitous handling of a scripture subject, and a statesman was pleased with his skill in embodying a classic one—and one or both introduced him to George the Third, who knew little about painting, but was pleased with the calm devout look of the

gifted American. He was now in the royal road to fame and fortune :—he painted many noble pictures for the King ; the best of these are at Windsor, and represent the achievements of the English under our Edwards and Henrys. The colours are rich and glowing ; the characters are numerous and well delineated, and the scene, whether of battle or of truce, is clearly and happily embodied.

West was widely known and much respected. On the retirement of Reynolds he was elected President of the Royal Academy, which he had aided in establishing ; and though no scholar was much of a gentleman, and gave dignity to his place. The illness of the King was injurious to the interests of the painter ; in his old age he was, in a manner, repulsed from the Court, and compelled to work for subsistence as well as fame. He did all this with an alacrity only equalled by his success ; nor did he repine or complain, but was contented and cheerful. He died on the 11th of March, 1820, full of years and honours, and was buried in St. Paul's, by the side of his friend and fellow-labourer, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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# NICHOLAS BERGHEM.

## LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES.

BERGHEM is numbered with those artists who sought to give to the school of Holland something of the airy elegance and grace of the Italian, and laboured to render nature more poetic and polished. He was no lover of scenes of rustic excitement, where men inflamed by drink and contradiction become fierce and savage; he loved the quiet, the retired, and the beautiful; his favourite studies were the brook-banks, the budding trees, the browsing cattle, and the piping shepherd; he rejoiced in the songs of the birds, the ripening fields of grain, the freshening showers, and the rising sun, glancing on tree and town, all but conscious of the life and loveliness below.

The picture from which this fine print is taken is the property of Beilby Thompson, Esq. M. P. and will go far to exemplify what we have said respecting the peculiar genius of the painter. The scene lies by a quiet lake, to the cool waters of which some cows and a little flock of sheep and goats have been driven, for the twofold purpose of giving them the pleasure of the shade of two or three old flourishing



trees, and relieving them from their burthens of milk. An idle shepherd-boy lies on the grass, a traveller with his ass and panniers is approaching, while the sun scattering his splendour on the neighbouring hills, and on the remains of an old tower, makes his way through the foliage of the woods, and glimmers along the ground, on which three maidens are busied with their cows and goats. The whole is strictly rural, and worthy of contemplation, from the repose given the spectator's eye and the sentiments of happiness awakened in his mind: this is one of the chief purposes of painting and poetry; we turn not to the page of the poet, nor to the picture of the artist, to give pain to our hearts, and obtain an hour of misery. No; we read and we look—shut our eyes on the world and its ways amid their natural creations—and forget ourselves and are happy.

Nicholas Berghem, the son of a painter of little eminence, was born at Haerlem in 1624, and was taught the first principles of the art in which he was destined to excel—first by his father, who could teach by precept though not by example, and finally, by Van Goyen, Jan Wills and Weenix. "He had," says Pilkington, "an easy and expeditious manner of painting, and an inexpressible variety and beauty in the choice of scites for his landscapes; executing them with a surprising degree of neatness and truth. He possessed a clearness and strength of judgment, and a wonderful

power and ease of expressing his ideas ; and though his subjects were of the lower kind, yet his choice of nature was judicious, and he gave to every subject as much of beauty and elegance as it would admit. The leafing of his trees is exquisitely and freely touched ; his skies are clear, and his clouds float lightly as if supported by air. The distinguishing characters of his pictures are the breadth and just distribution of the lights ; the grandeur of his masses of light and shadow ; the natural care and simplicity in the attitudes of his figures expressing their several characters ; the just gradation of his distances ; the brilliancy and harmony as well as the transparence of his colouring ; the correctness and true perspective of his design, and the elegance of his composition ; and where any of those marks are wanting no authority ought to be sufficient to ascribe any picture to him."

Berghem was of a pleasant temper, his nature was like his landscapes cheerful and quiet ; he loved to sing at his easel, nor was he one who believed in the influence of set times and seasons, for he rose early and painted late, and always wrought happily when in good health. He was a careful finisher of his works ; nature he said finished all hers with much minuteness, and artists ought not to be wiser in their own conceit than nature. His cows and his sheep, his trees and his flowers, his rocks and his hills, his valleys and his streams are all executed with equal care and precision. One of his largest,

some say one of his best pictures, was painted for the Chief Magistrate of Dort; the scene was laid in a wild and mountainous country; woods were scattered here and there, flocks of sheep spotted the uplands, streams sparkled as they ran, oxen ruminated on the brook-banks, shepherds and shepherd-maidens reposed or watched their flocks, while over all the sun shed a light at once brilliant and gladsome, which seemed to cheer the cattle, and bestow life and beauty on all. His pictures were in such demand that the price was generally deposited with him before he put the canvas on the easel; they are rarely seen at sales, and always fetch high prices. He died in his native land in the year 1689.



## JAN STEEN.

### THE MOUNTEBANK.

"JAN STEEN," says Reynolds, "has a strong manly style of painting which might become even the design of Raphael, and he has shown the greatest skill in composition and management of light and shadow, as well as great truth in the expression and character of his figures." Every word of this equally brief and happy description is realized in the picture of "*The Mountebank*." The scene is laid in a country village, which seems to require the repairing hand of the mason as much as its old and time-worn inhabitants need the skill of the "Mediciner." War as well as years seems to have been dealing with both, and left visible traces behind; nigh a shattered tower and contiguous to several rustic dwellings the Medical Mountebank has pitched his tent, mounted his stage, and aided by a Merry Andrew, whose face yields more mirth than his fiddle yields of music, and a demure and solemn associate to countenance his pretensions, he stands, phial in hand, lecturing the gathered and still gathering people. The whole scene is full of character and life; such variety of human emotion

can only be found in the pictures of Hogarth, and without doubt our great dramatic painter had Jan Steen in his mind when he conceived one or two of his compositions. Butler must have been musing too on something similar, when he drew the memorable conclusion,

Surely the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat.

Here we have people gray with time panting to have their youth restored; the lame have crawled or hobbled forth with the hope of being sent home skipping and leaping; while one worthy old dame is hurrying with her half-dead husband in a wheelbarrow, that he may have the benefit of that blessed tincture which restores vigour to man, as the sap of spring restores beauty to the trees of the garden. The motley audience are full of hope, the bald see in fancy the waving of luxuriant locks, the pale and the withered anticipate bloom and beauty, the frail and crippled have visions of health and strength, and all seem to be looking for a change, save a plump and ruddy maid, who, with bare arms, bare neck, and bare feet, ventures among the groups with her pitcher on her head, and pauses that an old man leaning over his staff may steal a look at her of mingled affection and envy. Perhaps the only melancholy personage present, is a half-starved monkey, on the extremity of the pole right over the stage; the mountebank has uncorked

the phial containing his blessed elixir ; the effluvia seems to have reached pug, and the arched-up back and the puckered-up face indicate that the odour is at least not fragrant. The picture is in the very interesting collection of Charles Heusch, Esq. of Bedford Square, and is of the cabinet size.

Jan Steen was born at Leyden, in the year 1636. A taste for art came upon him when a child ; he drew with so much skill that his father, who designed him for a brewer, placed him under Nicholas Knuffer, with whom he mastered the science of painting, but he completed his education in the studio of John Van Goyen, with whose daughter he fell in love, and married when he was some twenty years old or so. The produce of his pencil was so trifling that his father established him in a brewery at Delft ; but the daily sight of liquor and the practice of proving the strength of it, were too much for his resolution—he gave way to intemperance, and the speculation failed. His second choice of a business was no wiser than the first, he opened a tavern, but he drank as stoutly as his customers did, and the profits were found unequal to the maintenance of his household. His biographers have expressed both sorrow and anger with him on account of these injurious habits of indulgence, and some of them seem to think that for a time the painter was lost in the toper. They have not, however, explained to us how he happened, while keeping the brewery and the tavern, to improve his

eye and hand, both in composition and colour and paint some of his best pictures. He relinquished the tavern, and betaking himself to the pencil obtained what he coveted—livelihood and fame.

He sought for his subjects in living life around him, and, like a true genius, found them in abundance. As he desired to deal with the drolleries and merriments and enjoyments of life, he frequented fairs and weddings, and tippling bouts, and never returned without an increase of knowledge;—when he saw a little of what he wanted his fancy made out the rest. “Few painters,” says Pilkington, “have animated their figures more than Jan Steen, or equalled him in the strength of expression. His drawing might sometimes be censurable, but his design was generally correct, his figures well disposed and his characters strongly marked; his touches light, easy, and free; and his colouring appears always lively and natural. A capital picture of his painting is a Mountebank, attended by a number of spectators, in which the countenances are wonderfully striking, full of humour and variety. Another of his remarkable pieces represented a wedding; it consisted of the parents, the bride, the bridegroom and a notary. Every person in the composition was exceedingly natural, with surprising expression in the old as well as the young. The notary is engaged in attending to the words which he has to write down; the bridegroom appears in a violent agitation as if dissatisfied with the match,



queer looks of the principal characters, bestow scientific beauty on their bodies and the drollery is abated, a handsome figure trying to enact Apollo is not so laughable as one with bow-legs and a hunch-back putting on the god

Jan Steen stands third in Reynold's list of eminent Dutch Painters, he places only Rembrandt and Teniers before him, the colouring of the latter is unequalled, while in force Rembrandt is more than a match for any artist of that school. Our own Wilkie has sometimes been compared with Jan Steen, but the comparison is not happy, they have both exercised their talents on humble themes, and handled them with singular force—there the resemblance ends. There is a moral dignity and a quiet pathos amid Wilkie's humour, which reminds us much of the poetry of Burns; Jan Steen on the other hand seemed satisfied with a vivid presentation of life; to raise a laugh and obtain a purchaser seemed his chief object, and this he never failed to accomplish. His pictures are rare in England



## DOMENICHINO.

## TOBIT AND THE ANGEL.

THIS picture tells its story in a clear and elegant way. The youthful Tobit kneels at the brink of a river, and seizing the fish with both hands looks up to the angel, who appears to be instructing him what to do with it. The landscape is as beautiful as the figures; a dewy freshness seems shed over stream and tree and tower: "and though," says Ottley, "every part is delicately finished, such is the freedom of the pencilling, that the whole seems the work only of a few hours." The picture is painted on copper, is seventeen inches high by thirteen inches wide, and formerly belonged to the Colonna Palace. It is now in the National Gallery, to which it was bequeathed by the Rev. William Holwell Carr.

Domenichino, of the family of the Zampieri, was born at Bologna in the year 1581; he studied some time under Denis Calvart, and making less progress than his talents promised, was removed to the studio of the Carracci, and continued there for a number of years slowly and visibly improving both in conception and drawing. He was thoughtful and stu-

dious—slow of speech and not quick of hand—his more volatile companions interpreted these into signs of natural dullness, and many were the caricatures which he had to pardon, and the jokes he had to endure at their hands. Regarding all such matters as trifling, he endeavoured by incessant study and labour to gain the mastery of his art, he was secretly encouraged by Annibal Carracci, who observed from the first the fine genius which to his more piercing eyes lay bright under a surface which concealed it from others. Some one remarked to Annibal that his pupil Domenichino promised to be any thing but a great painter, “ Give him time, said Carracci, “ and he will be an honour to us all. His great master saw that his ideas were judicious, and that his soul was touched with whatever was beautiful and sublime—and prophesied accordingly.

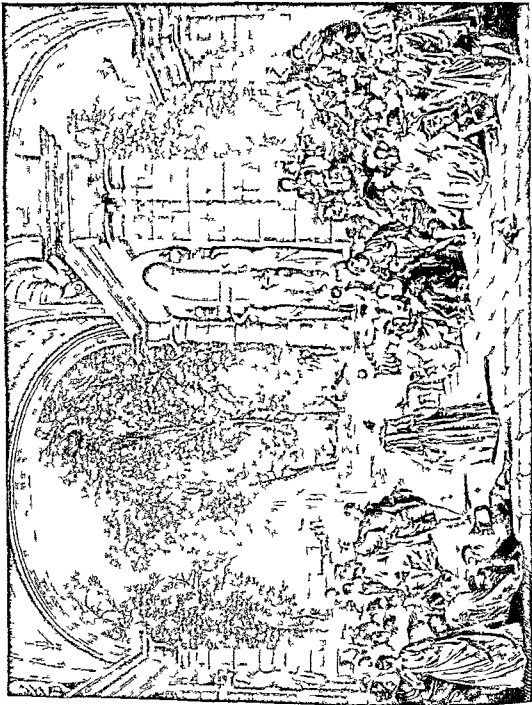
Yet critics have not been wanting who, after admitting the good sense, reflection and science in the pictures of Domenichino refused to consider them as efforts of genius. It is true that we have pictures in public collections, and painters who have been honoured by academies, in neither of which true genius can be detected. Men may acquire the science of the profession, and become skilful in the art of manufacturing handsome limbs and elegant bodies and heads, made in conformity to rule, and may also be able to unite them together, but without genius they cannot endow them with passion or with feeling, they can at most but give

a sort of convulsive animation, such as galvanism communicates to a dead body. To artists of that stamp Domenichino did not belong; he infused meaning and soul into all his works; his quiet grandeur has been mistaken for coldness, and his well-arranged and harmonious groups have been numbered with things mechanical. Lanzi speaks of him with a sort of frosty civility compared to his raptures about other of the brethren. "He became celebrated," says the Abbé, "for his design; was employed chiefly in friezes for chambers, in architecture and landscape in fresco, sometimes in conjunction with Dentoni and Colonna,—sometimes alone. He was also a finished artist of pictures for private rooms, occasionally exhibiting there copious histories, as in that we read of in the full and well drawn up catalogue of the Sig. Canon Vianelle's pictures at Chioggia. It presents us with the entrance of the Pontiff into the city of Bologna. It is not surprising that he should be acknowledged and esteemed even in the Venetian territories, having been the preceptor of Fumiani, and master of Pierantonio Cersa, who painted a good deal for the Paduan State." The fame of the painter for a loftiness of expression sometimes reaching the sublime, seems well established in the world, and cannot well be shaken by the cavils of the fastidious and the critical.

Domenichino united high qualities in his compositions; he excelled in landscape as well as in historical painting, and loved to blend the classic ele-

gance of his groups with the simple loveliness of nature. His trees, vales, streams, mountains and skies, covered with sunny clouds, are blended into one grand harmony. It is nevertheless true of some of his compositions that they have an architectural or bloodless sort of look, and seem to have been painted as compositions to fill up a certain space as we see statues on a building, which express nothing and are only figures. Reynolds described Domenichino's picture of Susanna and the Elders in these depreciating words: "She is sitting at a fountain; the two elders are behind a balustrade; her head is fine, as are those of the old men, but it is upon the whole a barren composition. There is as much expression in the Susanna as perhaps can be given, preserving at the same time beauty; but the colour is inclinable to chalk; she is awkwardly placed by herself in the corner of the picture, which appears too large for the subject; the canvass not being sufficiently filled."

This great painter loved music, coveted solitude, was of a mild temper, and of a courteous deportment. His merit drew down envy; he was insulted and persecuted by his brethren, and died in 1641, not without suspicion of poison.



## WATTEAU.

## LE BAL CHAMPÊTRE.

HAZLITT has characterized Watteau, and described this picture in language too exact to be amended, and too felicitous to be easily equalled. "We find here," he says, speaking of the Dulwich Gallery, "two very clever specimens of the court painter Watteau, the Gainsborough of France: they are called *Le Fête Champêtre* and *Le Bal Champêtre*. There is something exceeding light, agreeable, and characteristic in this artist's productions. He might almost be said to breathe his figures and his flowers on the canvas; so fragile is their texture, so evanescent his touch. He unites the court and the country at a sort of salient point—you may fancy yourself with Count Grammont and the beauties of Charles the Second, in their gay retreat at Tunbridge Wells. His trees have a drawing-room air with them, an appearance of gentility and etiquette and nod gracefully overhead, while the figures below thin as air and vegetably clad in the midst of all their affectation and grimace, seem to have just sprung out of the ground, or to be the fairy inhabitants of the scene in masquerade. They are the Oreads and



Dryads of the Luxembourg! Quaint association, happily effected by the pencil of Watteau. In the Bal Champêtre we see Louis the Fourteenth himself dancing, looking so like an old beau, his face flushed and puckered up with gay anxiety, but then the satin of his slashed doublet is made of the softest leaves of the water-lily, zephyr plays wanton with the curls of his wig! We have nobody who could produce a companion to this picture now, nor do we devoutly wish it. The Louis the Fourteenths are extinct, and we suspect their revival would hardly be compensated even by the re-appearance of Watteau."

This eminent painter seems to have been born for the times; he has entered into all the joyous frivolities and magnificent nothings of the gayest court of the gayest nation in the world, with a happiness of heart and hand almost unknown in art. Others worshipped Nature and loved to delineate her slumbering by some fountain's forbidden brink; or awakening love in all bosoms by the unconscious roguishness of her eyes, and the all but celestial graces of her person; the deity whom Watteau worshipped was Fashion; the simple loveliness of woman, as heaven made her, was nothing to him; he looked upon her as incomplete, till the tirewoman, with her rustling silks, her dimpling satins, and her round tires like the moon came and equip her

"For midnight dances and the public shew"—

and adjusted with a cunning hand her patches, paint, and jewels. The perfume of a court was sweeter with him than the perfume of nature, with all her glory. Look at the picture before us, all is quaint and artificial from the ladies to their lap-dogs. The architecture has a touch of the fantastic—the ancient statues,

“Women to the waist and fair,”

are placed there as a foil to the flounced and fur-belowed madames, who, laced, and pinned and puckered from head to heel, are gazing at the self-complacent movements of their gracious sovereign.

Anthony Watteau was born at Valenciennes in 1684; a love of art came on him early, but an indifferent instructor marred for a time the bounty of nature, and he studied long before he painted any thing worthy of public notice. He quitted his native place, and going to Paris, found subsistence in designing theatrical decorations;—he aided in ornamenting the Opera House, but when that task was done he was left destitute, and only saved himself from absolute starvation by working for picture dealers. Fortune at length grew weary of persecuting him, he became accidentally acquainted with Claude Gillot, a master in all things grotesque, who took him to his house, revealed the secrets of his profession, and read him a chapter on the world and its ways. Under this new instructor Watteau prospered, he obtained admission to the Gallery of the

Luxembourg, took Rubens for his master in colour, and studied with so much success that he soon produced works not only agreeable in conception, but pleasing in light and shade, and harmonious in combination as well as colouring. Professors of painting generally say to their scholars study the historic: the public, who has a voice in all matters, whispers, paint the domestic. Watteau obeyed the voice of the Academy and failed—he listened to that of the public and succeeded. From Jupiter and Juno, and all the celestials of Olympus, who at that period infested painting as well as poetry, he turned to scenes dear to the hearts of the Parisians, and recorded

“Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;”

and found men to purchase as well as praise. In painting court conversations—balls, given half under cover and half in open air—masquerades, among trees hung with dazzling lights and artificial garlands—pastoral scenes, where ladies dragged their embroidered trains by the side of artificial fountains and pieces of prepared water—he excelled.

His health sunk under incessant application, and in 1720 he came to London to consult the eminent Dr. Mead, who advised him to study less and amuse himself more ; and in order to keep him from sinking into poverty, for Watteau was never rich, he commissioned from him a couple of pictures, leaving the subjects to his own taste. Change of air, or rather change of scene, made him look up a little ;

he felt however that "death was with him dealing;" and, returning to Paris, sickened and died, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He left behind him many drawings in red and black chalk, a few etchings, and a fame which will not soon suffer an eclipse in France.

"Watteau," says Pilkington, "made the colouring of Rubens and Vandyke always his model. He was indefatigable in designing; never permitting his pencil to be unemployed, as may be readily conjectured from the great quantity of works which he sketched and finished. His subjects are generally comic conversations, the marchings, haltings, or encampments of armies, landscapes and grotesques—all which he finished with a free flowing pencil, a pleasing tone of colour, a neat and spirited touch, and they are also correctly designed. The figures which he introduces in his compositions, in whatever character he designs them, have a peculiar grace in the airs of the heads, and somewhat becoming in their attitudes; their actions are easy and natural, and they are always agreeably and skillfully disposed. The colouring of his landscapes is lively; but though his trees are touched with freedom, they have a nearer resemblance to those of the Tuilleries than of natural scenery."

He has had few followers in this country; what was natural to him was unnatural to his imitators; the fashions, both of dress and of all else in the days of Lewis the Fourteenth, are changed and gone;

they seem strange and stiff in our eyes, and when we see them introduced in a picture we cease to be a spectator. Stothard alone, in his small festive pictures, has employed a costume which may be said to suit all ages—it is at once neat, simple and elegant; the flesh and blood of his scenes are not hidden under forty yards of puckered silk; the women get the better of their dresses; but then Stothard was a poet, not a tireman. Newton sometimes deviated from nature into the fantastic style, and others might be named who allowed themselves to be charmed too much with the gaudiness of a fashion which belonged to other times. Nature is ever right and cannot be changed; fashion is ever changing, and fame, depending upon it, will change also.



## ANTONIO CORREGGIO.

### CHRIST PRAYING IN THE GARDEN.

THE great merit of Correggio has been long felt in this country. "His manner," says Reynolds, "is in direct opposition to what is called the hard and dry manner which preceded him. His colour and his mode of finishing approach nearer to perfection than those of any other painter: the gliding motion of his outline and the sweetness with which it melts into the ground; the cleanness and transparency of his colouring, which stop at that exact medium in which the purity and perfection of taste lies, leave nothing to be wished for." His picture of Christ Praying in the Garden more than confirms the character drawn with equal brevity and skill by Sir Joshua.

divine resignation of his looks, with the mingled compassion and veneration in the face of his celestial visitor, seem to unite in saying "The will of God be done." The three attendant Apostles are slumbering on the ground, while in the distance a mob of armed Jews are seen hurrying to seize Jesus. We are aware that Hazlitt, for whose taste we have much respect, speaks sneeringly of this picture; but he bent the shafts of his satire against the one now in the National Gallery, which is known to be a copy: had he seen the wondrous original, captured by Wellington at Vittoria, his scorn would have risen into admiration. The size is small, some fifteen inches square or so; but true genius can work miracles in little compass. The central light of the picture is altogether heavenly; we never saw any thing so insufferably brilliant; it haunted us round the room at Apsley House, and fairly extinguished the light of all its companion pictures. Joseph Buonaparte—not only a good king but a good judge of painting, had this exquisite picture in his carriage when the tide of battle turned against him: it was transferred to the collection of the conqueror.

The family name of this illustrious painter was Allegri or Leti; he was baptized Antonio, and when his fame began to rise, men called him Correggio, from the place of his birth: as this happened to several other eminent artists, it cannot be regarded as either strange or uncommon. The obscurity of



unable to escape from dependance and poverty; and to this is attributed his want of skill in scientific drawing, which a visit to Rome might have cured. The enquiries of Lanzi have thrown some light on this part of Correggio's story; it is now ascertained that he was paid four hundred and seventy-two gold ducats, or Venetian zecchins, for painting the cupola and larger nave of the church of San Giovanni, and for the cupola of the cathedral, two hundred and fifty, considerable sums in those days, but then this was for the labour of ten years. We are not informed what smaller works he sent from his easel during that period. His conception was quick and his execution slow; he wrought six months on his San Girolamo, and his payment was his subsistence during that period, and forty-seven gold ducats; he received forty gold ducats too for his celebrated picture of Night. It is probable that he painted some of his commissions by the day—the broken sums seem to render this supposition likely—while for such works as he produced on what is called speculation, he received round sums; be that as it may, after deducting the expense of colours, of models and assistants, including the maintenance of a wife and children, the prices which he received were not such as to render him affluent, though one or two writers affirm that he became a miser in his latter days and hoarded money.

The works which he produced are numerous.

and mostly all of the highest excellence. He spared neither time nor expense in the richest and rarest colours to render his pictures worthy of the world's applause. "There is not a single specimen, says Lanzi whether executed on copper, on panels, or on canvas, always sufficiently choice, that does not display a profusion of materials, of ultra marine, the finest lake and green, with a strong body and repeated re-touches; yet for the most part laid on without ever removing his hand from the easel before the work was completed. Such liberality calculated to do honour to a rich amateur, painting for amusement, is infinitely more commendable in an artist of such circumscribed resources. It displays in my opinion all the grandeur of character that was supposed to animate the breast of a Spartan. And this we would advance, no less in reply to Vasari who cast undue reflections upon Correggio's economy, than as an example for such young artists as may be desirous of nourishing sentiments worthy of the noble profession which they embrace." His knowledge in colours seems to have been great; it is true that to his skill in laying them on much of their splendour must be imputed, but we are not sure that Correggio with all his mastery could have wrought such miracles of light and shade with the colder colours of these our later days. The composition of colours was in his time part of the genius of the art; a painter made his own, and delighted in perceiving as this great artist did that in

this he could be original as well as in composition. Colour making is now a trade and the splendour of our painting has suffered.

To ascertain how the great Italian painters produced this wondrous brilliancy of colouring, was a favourite study of Reynolds; he made experiments on their pictures, and believed that he had at last mastered the secret: in like manner professors abroad have gone to work with Correggio. A painter who was employed to restore one of his pictures, proceeded first to analyze the mode of colouring. "Upon the chalk" he said, "the artist appeared to have laid a surface of prepared oil, which then received a thick mixture of colours, in which the ingredients were two thirds of oil and one of varnish; that the colours seemed to have been very choice, and particularly purified from all kinds of salts, which in progress of time eat and destroy the picture; and that the practice of prepared oil must have greatly contributed to this purification by absorbing the saline particles." It was moreover his opinion that Correggio adopted the method of heating his pictures, either in the sun or at the fire, in order that the colours might become as it were interfused and equalised in such a way as to produce the effect of having been poured, rather than laid on. Of that lucid appearance which though so beautiful does not reflect objects, and of the solidity of the surface, equal to the Greek pictures, he remarks "that it must have been obtained by some strong varnish unknown

to the Flemish painters themselves, who prepared it of equal clearness and liveliness, but not of equal strength." There is no doubt that Correggio possessed knowledge in colour which he kept to himself while he lived, and allowed to perish with him; our own Wilson fancied that the mystery of his colouring lay not in his genius, and Reynolds revealed all things to his pupils, save the secret of preparing his paints.

Some of his chief works are widely scattered. The famous *Notte* or rather *Dawn* is in the Dresden Gallery, and has been admired alike by Wilkie and Lawrence; the *Leda* and the *Danae* passed from the hands of Christina of Sweden into those of the French, and with the picture of *Io* suffered much from bigotry: Spain possesses or rather possessed *Mercury teaching Cupid to read*, and England of late has acquired two of his master-pieces and placed them in her National Gallery. The *St. Jerome* is in Italy; it represents the Virgin seated with our Saviour on her knee, Mary Magdalen kneeling and pressing the Infant's feet, while *St. Jerome* offers a scroll to the attendant Angel. His altar pieces for the church of *San Giovanni*, have maintained their early reputation; one is a *Descent from the Cross*, and the other is the *Martyrdom of St. Placido*; these with the *Saint Jerome* were carried off to Paris by the French conquerors: they have since returned and resumed their places. His greatest work is the fresco in the cupola of

Parma, where the Virgin is surrounded by a choir of the blessed, with many Angels—some sprinkling incense, some singing, and a few adoring; the ascension of our Saviour is delineated by the same master-hand on the dome of the church of San Giovanni; both are injured by smoke and time, yet their still visible charms attract many devotees of art and religion. The marriage of St. Catherine was lately in the possession of Count Bruhl, a noble Pole, and the Chase of Diana painted for a monastery still exists. Wherever his pictures are found they are admired: nations almost contend for the possession of them, and when one comes into the market the price which it brings is enormous.

The drawing of Correggio is not always happy, neither is his composition equal at times to that of one or more of his brethren, but in light and shade he excels them all. This is his grand quality—his crowning triumph and distinction above all other artists; the brilliancy and the harmony, and the force of his colouring are truly wondrous; to this he united a grace and expression altogether his own, and which reflected while they exalted nature. “The harmony and grace of Correggio,” says Fuseli, “are proverbial; the medium which by breadth of gradation unites two opposite principles, the coalition of light and darkness by imperceptible transition are the elements of his style. This inspires his figures with grace; to this their grace is subordinate; the

most appropriate, the most elegant attitudes were adopted, rejected, perhaps sacrificed to the most awkward ones; in compliance with this imperious principle, parts vanished, were absorbed, or emerged in obedience to it. This union of a whole predominates over all that remains of him, from the vastness of his cupolas to the smallest of his oil pictures. The harmony of Correggio though assisted by exquisite hues was entirely independent of colour; his great organ was *chiaro-scuro* in its most extensive sense; compared with the expanse in which he floats the efforts of Leonardo da Vinci are little more than the dying rays of evening, and the concentrated flash of Giorgione discordant abruptness."

Among the many legends respecting this illustrious artist, it is said that when young he looked long and earnestly on one of the pictures of Raphael, his brow coloured, his eye brightened and he exclaimed "I also am a painter!" Of the close of his days, it is said that the Canons of one of the churches, which he was employed to embellish, were so displeased with the work, that to insult him they paid the price in copper; that he had this unworthy burthen to carry eight miles in a burning sun; the length of the way, the weight of the load and depression of spirit brought on a fever which carried him in three days to his grave. It is related with more certainty, that Titian when he first saw his works exclaimed "were I not Titian I would wish

to be Correggio ' He died in the year 1534 at Parma, leaving a fame which has not yet been echpsed He painted with a strength, sweetness, relief and vivacity which nothing has exceeded, and with such unity and clearness that his most laboured works seem to have been dashed off in one day , and appear as if we saw them in a looking glass





# PHILIP VANDYKE.

## DOMESTIC HARMONY.

THIS fine cabinet picture belongs to the collection of Charles Heusch, Esq.; the sweetness of the composition, the elegance of the handling and the domestic grace of the expression, would make it an ornament to any Gallery. In almost all the groups of this painter, individual portraiture has been traced; by this means he rendered his pictures what Lawrence called "half history" pieces: nor did he content himself with likenesses alone; he generally intimated the taste or occupation of his sitters, and thus introduced us to their homes and pursuits. When the names of nameless people were forgotten, the sentiment which they expressed and the graceful employments which he had given to them, made the picture valuable and kept it from the garret and the lumber room.

No biographer could have told us more of the family before us had he written a chapter on purpose. His pencil says they were fond of the singing of birds, of the flowering of roses and carnations, of the prosperity of vines, and of the sound of sweet instruments. Even in the construction of their house has the painter set forth the taste

of his sitters; the architecture is elegant; nor has he hesitated to intimate that they cherished a love of classic things; a bridal dance, where wreaths flutter and pipes sound, is half seen, half hid below the sill of the window, the glass of which is opened to let the world see an affectionate wedded pair and hear the sound of a well tuned instrument.

Philip Vandyke was born at Amsterdam, in the year 1680; he studied under Arnold Boonen, and remained with him till his own fame eclipsed that of his master. He set up his easel first at Middleburgh, and then at the Hague; in both places he painted many portraits, and wrought with such success in the manner of Mieris and Gerard Dow, that many considered him equal to these masters and rewarded him with commissions more than he could execute. "The number of portraits, conversations and historical subjects which he finished," says Pilkington, "is almost incredible; but two of his performances are particularly mentioned with great commendation. One is a picture containing the portraits of the Prince of Orange, his mother and sister in one piece; the other a ceiling which he painted for M. Schuylenburgh, representing the story of Iphigenia, in which subject he introduced the portraits of the whole family of his employer. All his subjects are well composed, neatly pencilled, and highly finished." His pictures are not numerous in England: he died at the Hague in the year 1752.



# MELCHIOR HONDEKOETER.

## LANDSCAPE AND POULTRY.

THE landscape of this picture is a fine one, but the beauties of hill and stream and tree are lost in the mortal and moral strife so admirably represented on the foreground. The painter has treated a difficult subject with much skill and delicacy; ordinary cock-fighting he felt was unacceptable to the world, he has, therefore, made the quarrel between the two lords of the farm-yard one of nature's own. A cock of an unchivalrous breed has attacked a brood-hen with her birds; poor "chuckie" who expected no such outrage, defends her little family, and the crumbs which had been thrown to them with much courage, but with the loss of some feathers, and what is worse, one of her own "wee birdie cocks," in a mother's quarrel bold, lies in the death flutter, but with his face to the enemy. The triumph of the aggressor is short, a cock of true game and without a cross of the dung-hill in him, summoned by the clamour of the combat comes to the rescue, and in a few decisive rounds amply avenges the injuries of Partlet and her progeny. The startled and scattered brood, the raised and

\*  
angry wings of the victorious cock, the contracting toes and humbled strength of the vanquished, the hen clucking her progeny back to the shelter of her wings, are all true to nature and executed with uncommon spirit. The picture is the property of the Rev. T. W. Salmon of Suffolk.

Hondekoeter is famed all over the continent for what dealers in the article call his "Poultry Landscapes." He is indeed unrivalled in the representation of the feathered tribes, particularly those of the domestic kind, and which are common to the pond and the farm-yard. "His pencil," says Pilkington, "was neat and delicate, his touch light, his colouring transparent, and the feathers of his fowls were expressed with a swelling softness that agreeably deceived the eye of the spectator. He is said to have trained up a cock to stand in any attitude he wanted, and it was his custom to place this bird near his easel, so that at the motion of his hand the creature would fix itself in the proper posture and continue in it without alteration for several hours."

Had he lived in England a hundred years ago, or even within living men's memories, the painter might have made a splendid fortune, for cock-fighting was in those days a sort of national mania. The true breed of the game cock was as anxiously looked to as that of hunting hawks or race horses, the nobles of the land subscribed for a "main," as they do now for a horse-race, fortune rose and fell

as the gray cock or the iron-brown triumphed, and he who owned a conquering bird rose in his own estimation and in the regard of the country. Even among the peasantry the attachment to this barbarous pastime was very strong, they had their favourite breeds and fought their mains and lost or pocketed money in imitation of their betters. They had also their maxims for maintaining true game in its purity and some went even so far as to improve on nature. It was at least a favourite theory among the humbler cock-fanciers, that the eggs of the true game-hen when hatched in the nest of the blood-crow, produced birds which united the courage of the one to the dogged endurance of the other. All crosses of the dung-hill kind were to be avoided, though on one or two occasions the base blood triumphed over the pure to the great scandal of high descent; at a main fought in the north a cock of the half-blood breed, after an encounter or two, ran partly round the "pit," turned suddenly, like a wily warrior of old, and struck both his steel spurs through the neck of his pursuer and won a hundred pounds. He did the same on another occasion, but such feats are not to be depended on, he ran at last in his ignorance of etiquette out of the ring and had his head wrung off by his indignant owner. It seems quite natural for cocks whether game or not to fight, but then their encounters rarely ended in death till man kindly stepped to their aid, pruned

their combs, trimmed off their superfluous feathers and arming them with steel heels enabled them to kill each other to his own special amusement and profit. Cock-fighting is now seldom heard of, it has declined through the increase of knowledge and the diffusion of taste for what is graceful and elegant.

Hondekoeter was born at Utrecht in 1636, and died in 1695; his works are in great estimation and seldom fail to bring high prices.





## RAPHAEL.

## CHRIST GIVING THE KEYS.

THIS is one of those divine Cartoons with which the fine taste of the first Charles enriched this country; when the Parliament overthrew the King and dispersed his works of art, these pictures were sold for three hundred pounds; the restoration replaced them in the royal gallery, but they returned with their original lustre diminished. Something of the tear and wear of civil war—and worse still—the neglect of ignorance, is now too visible upon them. Unlearned men, says the satirist, assume the care of books; he might have added, men without taste or feeling assume the care of works of art. That this has been the case these Cartoons sufficiently testify. “‘They have felt,” says Hazlitt “‘the seasons’ difference,” being exposed to wind and rain, tossed about from place to place, and cut down by profane hands to fit them to one of their abodes: so that it is altogether wonderful that ‘through their looped and tattered wretchedness’ any traces are seen of their original splendour and beauty. That they are greatly changed from what they were even a hundred years ago is evident from the heads in the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, which

were cut out from one of them that was nearly destroyed by some accident, and from the large French engravings of single heads done about the same time, which are as finished and correct as possible. A skeleton is barely left of the Cartoons; but their mighty relics, like the bones of the mammoth, tell us what the entire and living fabric must have been."

The Giving of the Keys has always been admired for tranquil grace and calm dignity of expression, and for the

Looks commercing with the skies

of our blessed Saviour. The truth and natural simplicity of conception is equally striking; the meaning is as visible as meaning can be made: "Ye are my sheep, and I am your shepherd," is expressed as plainly as art can ever hope to express any thing. "There is no set purpose here, no studied contrast; it is an aggregation of grandeur and high feeling. The disciples gather round Christ like a flock of sheep listening to some divine shepherd. The figure of their master is sublime; his countenance and attitude in act to speak. The landscape is also extremely fine, and of a soothing character. Every thing falls into its place in these pictures. The figures seem to stop just where their business and feelings bring them; not a fold in the diaperies can be disposed of for the better, nor otherwise than it is." This is high praise—it is also just: the whole civilized world have united in bestowing the name

of divine upon the paintings of this great master ; in simplicity of conception and loftiness of sentiment he has surpassed all other artists.

Raphael was born at Urbino on Good Friday, March 28, 1483. His father, an indifferent painter, instructed him in the rudiments of drawing, while Pietro Perugino perfected him in his studies, and predicted his future eminence. He became distinguished while yet a youth ; when only sixteen years old he surprised the artists of Perugia with his Crowning of the Virgin, the Crucifixion, the Virgin lifting the veil from the Infant Saviour, and the Marriage of the Virgin, in all of which the dawn of his greatness was visible, though the manner of Perugino predominated. Of a second Marriage of the Virgin, Lanzi thus speaks :—" the composition very much resembles that which he adopted in a picture of the same subject in Perugia, but there is sufficient of modern art in it to indicate the commencement of a new style. The two espoused have a degree of beauty which Raphael scarcely surpassed in his mature age in any other countenances. The Virgin particularly is a model of celestial beauty. A youthful band, festively adorned, accompany her to the espousals ; splendour vies with elegance ; the attitudes are engaging, the veils variously arranged, and there is a mixture of ancient and modern drapery which at so early a period cannot be considered as a fault. In the midst of these accompaniments the principal figure triumph-

antly appears, not ornamented by the hand of art, but distinguished by her native nobility, beauty, modesty, and grace. The first sight of this performance strikes us with astonishment, and we involuntarily exclaim how divine and noble the spirit which animated her heavenly form !

It is related of Michael Angelo that when he first looked on the works of his rival Raphael, he exclaimed, " This excellence comes not from nature but from study and application " It would be difficult however to name an artist in whose works nature and study are so beautifully united, he founded all his compositions in nature he wrought from the living model, but adorned it from his own wondrous fancy, all that he touched rose immediately into grace and divinity, as Ulysses rises under the wand of the goddess in the fine version of Sotheby,—

" Then Jove born Pallas by her heavenly aid  
More large, more full, his limbs majestic made,  
And from his front in many a mazy fold  
Of hyacinthian hue his ringlets roll'd,  
As one by Vulcan and Minerva taught,  
Who with the gold has silver metal wrought,  
Fine perfecting his work, thus wondrous grace,  
Gift of a god, adorned his form and face,  
As on the ocean beach he sat alone,  
Glistening with grace and beauty not his own "

This is the charm of the works of Raphael—all

seeking in vain to relieve a youth possessed by an evil spirit; horror, doubt and pity, seem to sway them by turns; above them Jesus is revealed in a sunburst of glory, with Moses and Elias on his right hand and left: the three favoured apostles kneel in awe and astonishment on the ground. This truly divine work was all but finished when a burning fever interposed, and carried him off on Good Friday, 1520, when he had just completed his thirty-seventh year. His body lay in state in his studio; the picture of the Transfiguration was placed at his head, and Cardinals honoured him by walking at his funeral and penning inscriptions. Raphael lived and died single; La Bella Fornarina, a young beauty of Rome, to whom he was attached received as much of his fortune as made her independent. His fame, great as it was in his own day, has encreased rather than diminished in ours.



## GUIDO RENI.

## THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

THE Cleopatra of Shakspeare and this fine picture seem, in some important points, to have sprung from the same imagination. Had the poet been a painter, he would have likely taken the simpler and sterner sentiment delineated so ably by the artist; and had Guido taken up the pen, he might have anticipated a page of the great dramatist—exchanging his own air of severity for the more womanly and voluptuous representation of the other. Still the conception of the painter might pass for an embodiment of this fine passage: the reader will remember that it occurs immediately after the clown has brought in the asp in the basket of figs, and departs wishing Cleopatra “joy of the worm.”

“ Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have  
Immortal longings in me : now no more  
The juice of Egypt’s grape shall moist this lip :—  
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick. Methinks, I hear  
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men

To excuse their after-wrath : Husband, I come :  
 Now to that name my courage prove my title !  
 I am fire, and air ; my other elements  
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?  
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
 Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

*[kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]*

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ?  
 If thou and nature can so gently part,  
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
 Which hurts and is desired. . . . This proves me  
 base :

If she first meet the curled Antony,  
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,  
 Which is my heaven to have.—Come, mortal  
 wretch,

*[to the asp, which she applies to her breast.]*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
 Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,  
 Be angry and despatch. O could'st thou speak !  
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass  
 Unpolicied."

The picture is in the collection of His Majesty, and is considered a fine example of the graceful yet impressive style of the great artist.

Guido Reni was born at Bologna, in the year 1574. While yet a boy, he became the scholar of Denis Calvert, and, when some sixteen years old, he entered the school of the Caracci, and excited, by his extraordinary talents, the jealousy of the



two eminent brothers who founded that school of art. The biographers assert that Lodovico set up Guercino against him as a rival, and that Annibale, in the same ungenerous spirit, censured Albano for introducing Guido as a disciple.

The dislike of the Caracci may be accounted for in a less injurious way. The new disciple worshipped other gods, and refused to be a follower: he imitated Passerotti and Caravaggio; and this was not likely to be welcome to men who aspired to be the creators of a new style in painting. Other writers, however, affirm that, in his earlier compositions, he had the works of the Caracci in his mind, and that Annibale felt and acknowledged the originality of his genius. "In some instances," says Lanzi, "he followed Caravaggio; and in the Bonfigliuoli Palace is a figure of a sybil, very beautiful in point of features, but greatly overlaid with depth of shade. The style he adopted arose particularly from an observation on that of Caravaggio, one day incidentally made by Annibale Caracci, that to his manner, there might be opposed one wholly contrary: in place of a confined and declining light, to exhibit one more full and vivid; to substitute the tender for the bold; to oppose clear outlines to his indistinct ones; and to introduce for his low and common figures, those of a more select and beautiful kind."

Such is the story of the conversion of Guido from the style of the Caracci and Caravaggio; in other words, he discovered, by accident or medita-

tion, a new way to fame more akin to his own natural taste and feelings than the old, and from that moment adopted and pursued it with success. Of the stern and the severe, he conceived the world had enough; he desired to try the effect of the sweet, the graceful, and the tender: the public acknowledged at once the loveliness of variety, and the fame of Guido was diffused over Europe. "Sweetness was his great object," says Lanzi; "he sought it equally in design, in the touch of his pencil, and in colouring; from that time he began to make use of white lead, a colour avoided by Lodovico, and at the same time predicted the durability of his tints, such as they have proved. He still preserved that strength of style so much aimed at by his school, while he softened it with more than its usual delicacy; and by degrees, proceeding in the same direction, he in a few years attained to the degree of delicacy he had proposed. In these variations, however, he never lost sight of that exquisite ease which so much attracts us in his works."

"The grace of Guido" has become proverbial. He studied youthful loveliness with unremitting care; he made himself familiar with the most natural and becoming turns of the head and positions of the body, and to all he added that softness and elegance and angelic air, which induced Passeri to declare that his faces were those of Paradise. To the admiration of living nature he united the

study of antique sculpture. The Medicean Venus and the Niobe were his favourite models. Nor did he limit his studies to these: from Raphael, Correggio, Parmigianino, and more particularly from Paul Veronese, he gathered beauties of all kinds; nor did he copy what he loved with a servile hand. In all that he touched there is observed a happy freedom of handling, an air alluring and sweet, and an original and abstract principle of beauty which belonged to himself alone; nay, it was his boast, that he could extract grace and loveliness out of the commonest form and most sordid expression. For one of his Magdalens, he caused a colour-grinder, a person vulgar almost to deformity, to sit, and, exerting his all but miraculous skill, produced a lovely creation, yet exhibiting as much of the sitter as amounted to portraiture.

The works of this eminent painter are numerous. Critics have traced his sense of the beautiful to the elegance of his own person, saying that the man is always to be found in his works. That he was handsome, may be inferred from Lodovico Caracci employing him as a model whenever he had an angel to paint. But though his pictures are to be found in every collection where the beautiful is admitted, they are seldom to be acquired by purchase. When a head with the Guido stamp upon it comes into the market, it is bought up at a high price. When Arpino was asked his opinion of Guido's performances in the Capella Quirinale, he

replied, "Other pictures are made by men's hands, but these are made by hands divine." In his latter days a love of gaming carried him too frequently from his easel; it did more—it reduced him from affluence to poverty, and brought on a dejection of spirits and a languishing disorder, under which he sunk, at his native Bologna, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.



## BOTH.

### LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

THE name of Both is connected with many pictures representing sunny skies, verdant hills, pleasant vales, quiet lakes, with winding and flowery ways, and travellers on foot and on horseback. These landscapes are generally in high estimation with men of taste ; good judges, who look at art through nature say, that on these paintings the time of the day and the season of the year are impressed ; that the trees are limned each after its kind, and that all is individual rather than general. Nor will artists be silent—" To John Both, they will likely say, we owe these fine trees, these garlanded rocks, sunbright hills, and sleeping lakes, and we recognise in these stubborn asses and mulish travellers the hand of his brother Andrew ; one aided the other, they did little separate, nay, in their very lives they have been confounded, and the story of their works must be told like that of Beaumont and Fletcher."

It is even so with the two brothers ; biographers own to the difficulty of distinguishing their works, or disentangling the puzzled skein of their lives, and tell the story of two in one much to the confusion

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of all those who love clear and consistent narratives. John was born at Utrecht in the year 1610; the birth-day of Andrew has not been mentioned, but both studied painting under Abraham Bloemart, and both travelled together to Rome, and taking Claude Lorraine for a master, united in producing pictures of very peculiar beauty. John devoted himself to the landscape department of the picture; "the warmth of his skies, the judicious and regular receding of the objects, and the sweetness of his distances, afford the eye a degree of pleasure superior to what we feel on viewing the works of almost any other artist." When the elder completed his portion of the work the younger took it up and introduced figures—moving groups, with so much taste and skill, that the whole picture seemed the work of one master.

"The works of these brothers," says Pilkington, "are justly admired throughout all Europe, are universally sought for, and purchased at large prices. Most of their pictures are for size between two and five feet long; and in the smaller ones there is exquisite neatness. They generally express the sunny light of morning, breaking out from behind woods, hills, or mountains, and diffusing a warm glow over the skies, trees, and the whole face of nature; or else a sun-set, with a lovely tinge in the clouds, every object beautifully partaking of a proper degree of natural illumination. By some connoisseurs John Both is censured for having too much



of the tawny in his colouring, and that the leafing of his trees is too yellow, approaching to saffron: but this is not a general fault in his pictures, and though some perhaps may be accidentally liable to that criticism, he corrected the error; besides, many of his pictures are not more tinged with those colours than the truth and beauty of nature will justify; and his colouring obtained for him the distinction which he still possesses of being called *Both of Italy*." The picture before us has such merit as maintains the high opinion and sensible criticism of Pilkington; it is in the collection of Charles Heusch, Esq.

Though John is called the "*Both of Italy*," his name has not yet found its way into the lists of artists of that country; most of his pictures were, however, the offspring of Rome, and some of them, by the classic sentiment which they assumed, intimate that he was touched with the ancient spirit of the land. Critics speak of one of John Both's pictures, six feet high, which was esteemed his masterpiece. The figures are half-size, and the subject represented that of Mercury and Argus. "The back part," says Houbraken, "is exceedingly clear, the verdure true nature, and the whole admirably handled. The two brothers mutually assisted each other, till the unfortunate death of John, in 1650, when Andrew left Italy, and settled at his native place, where he painted portraits and landscapes in the manner of his brother, and con-

versations with players at cards in the style of Bamboccio. Both these masters had extraordinary readiness of hand and a free light sweet pencil. Andrew was so much affected by the death of his brother, that he survived him but a few years, dying in 1656."

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